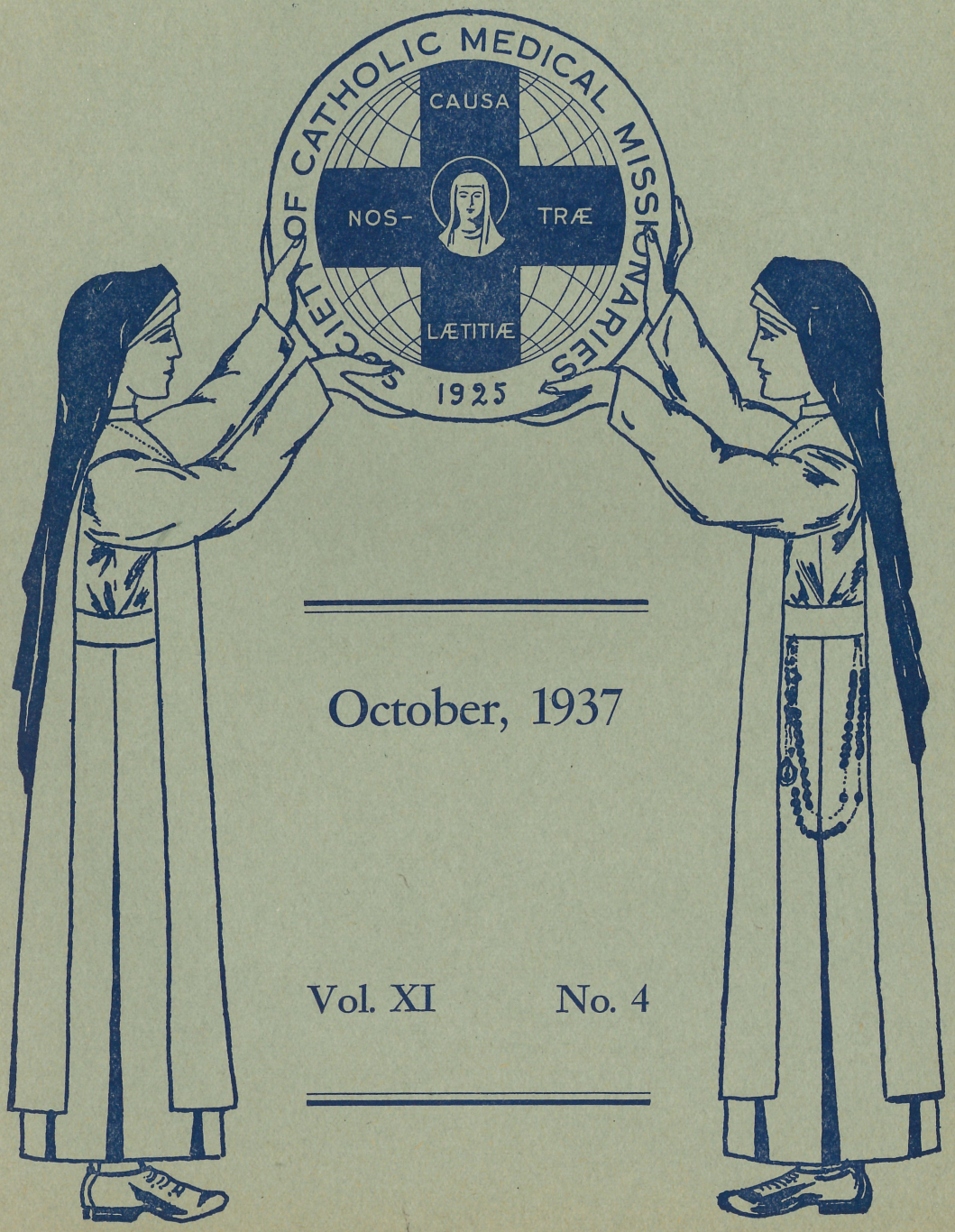
The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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Prayer

✠

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, didst show forth Thy teaching on fraternal charity and didst exemplify it by Thy missionary practice of healing the sick, look down graciously upon Thy Medical Missionaries. Fill them with fervor; make fruitful and bless their zeal and labors. Draw to Thy loving heart those to whom they minister that they may share in the infinite benefits of Thy redemption in the never-ending bliss of heaven. Amen.

Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, pray for us.

Our Lady, Queen of the Medical Missions, pray for us.

Imprimatur.

✠ MICHAEL J. CURLEY,

Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis.

April 23, 1937.

Our Lady,
Queen of the Medical Missions

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET MALARIA!

By Sister M. Elise, S.C.M.M.

From the standpoint of both health and economics malaria is the most important problem in India today. It has been estimated that about one-third of the population—more than a hundred million people —suffers from this disease annually in that one country alone. It is no wonder then that our Sisters are urged to study this disease carefully while preparing for their work in the missions. Sister Elise, who is now in her fourth year at Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, here gives us some interesting points in this study.—Editor.

"And did you have malaria while you were in India, Father?"

"Oh, surely. Everybody who goes to India gets malaria."

With this fatalistic sentence many missionaries condemn all the discoveries of modern medicine in the field of malaria to the land of fairy tales and impossibilities. As a matter of fact, science has given to the world a complete army of weapons against this disease. Ever since the time of Ross and Grassi, when the *anopheles* mosquito was proved guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt of transmitting malaria, numerous ways and means of stamping out this "ague" have been devised. If there are still about eight hundred million people suffering from malaria annually, it is not the fault of medical science, but rather the lack of means to carry out the measures required to eradicate malaria.

The nature of preventive measures has made the campaign against malaria primarily a government responsibility, for the key word of the campaign must be "drainage"! Prevent the water from stagnating and the mosquito will be unable to find a breeding place. If this is done carefully and consistently for a number of years malaria will disappear in that region. The Roman Campagna is the classical example of this truth. Whenever feasible, drainage is the ideal measure, but extensive drainage is usually costly both for building and upkeep and thereby prohibitive for certain countries or regions. Sometimes drainage is impossible; for instance, in regions where the growing rice needs stagnant water in order to develop its sprouts.

But what can missionaries do about drainage in the tropics? The task is beyond their control and capacity, except to the extent that they can impart their knowledge of sanitation to those with whom they come in contact. There is a form of drainage, however, which

is everybody's responsibility, and which can be expressed in the words, "clean out your own backyard!"

Mosquitoes are not particular: tomato cans, coconut shells, rubber boots, kerosene cans, holes and footprints, anything that will hold water will do as a nursery for the *anopheles larvae.* No stagnant water should be allowed within a hundred yards of the house. Cover up wells and tanks, screen the outlets of drains, pick up all pots and cans, cut the grass and bushes, and if some stagnant water is out of the reach of drainage, at least cover it once a week with a mixture of crude oil and kerosene (half a pint to every one hundred square feet) or some poison, such as paris green or similar preparation. Other means of killing the *larvae,* such as stocking the ponds with small fishes which eat eggs and *larvae,* or introducing certain weeds or water plants, have been tried but are not so reliable.

The second means of defense lies closer to home. It consists in the use of screens and mosquito nets in order to prevent mosquito bites. Remember that it has been proved that outside of actual blood transfusion with infected blood *the only way you can possibly get malaria is by being bit by an anopheles mosquito which has previously bit a malaria patient.* If every malaria patient in India could be screened or in some way kept from being bit by mosquitoes for a sufficient length of time malaria would disappear. The next best thing is for the uninfected person to prevent himself or herself from being bit by mosquitoes. Screening, therefore, is essential wherever drainage is impossible, absent or inefficient, as is the case in a large part of the tropics. The Panama Canal was built with the help of screens and nets which kept the laborers safe from malaria in one of the most notoriously murderous regions of the world. The practical efficiency of screening is due to another peculiarity of the *anopheles* mosquito: it is a "fly-by-night" only. *Stay inside screened houses or under mosquito nets after sunset and malaria will pass you by.*

Some precautions are necessary, however, in order to make screening one hundred percent efficient. The first and most elementary rule is to kill all the mosquitoes *inside* the screen or net. The second rule is to leave no loopholes in the form of tears in the screen, a net unevenly tucked under the mattress, or doors left open. Constant vigilance is necessary, particularly with natives who do not understand the importance of these simple measures. It is especially necessary to protect the sick by means of nets since mosquitoes, as was mentioned before, become infected by biting those already suffering

from malaria, thus transmitting the disease to healthy people whom they bite later.

Fans are a help in keeping mosquitoes away as they dislike air currents. Puttees for the legs and nets attached to the topi have been advised for those who must be out of doors after nightfall. Certain preparations rubbed on the skin, as Spirit of Camphor or Oil of Citronella, also discourage mosquitoes from biting one.

In spite of every care, however, missionaries who are forced to expose themselves on sick calls, travels, stays in native huts, and in various other ways, will frequently be bit by infected mosquitoes. In this contingency there is one more means of protection, and that is the daily prophylactic taking of quinine. The rationale behind this rule is clear. If you cannot prevent a mosquito from biting you, you can at least give him a cold reception. If the blood contains quinine at the moment that the mosquito strikes and deposits the malaria parasites in the blood stream, a large number, if not all will be killed on the spot, before they can do any harm. *The regular daily use of quinine will prevent the occurrence of chills and fever in almost every case.* This is so well known that all colonial governments advise their officials to take this "bitter pill" every day of their stay in the colonies and for several months afterwards. Inability to take quinine constitutes an absolute contraindication for the send-out of a French colonial employe.

Most experts agree that one five-grain tablet or capsule per day, taken around supper time, is sufficient in ordinary cases to prevent clinical malaria. More should be taken at times of excessive fatigue, stress or exposure. Some prefer instead to take one gram (fifteen grains) of quinine twice a week. This is usually satisfactory but less reliable. The five-grain dose can be taken by practically anyone without disagreeable symptoms. As a matter of fact, quinine in these small doses acts as a tonic and is beneficial to all the organs. Synthetic preparations, such as atebrine and plasmochin, are toxic and less well studied. They should not be taken except on a doctor's orders.

That financial considerations should not be a hindrance to the administration of quinine prophylactically is shown by the calculations of the city of Chester, South Carolina. During the years 1918 and 1919, before a campaign against malaria had been started, the disease cost the municipality fifty-eight thousand dollars in the form of medicines, doctors' bills and reduced income due to loss of work. This meant a cost of seven dollars and forty-six cents per capita. But an intensive quinine administration over an area of one

hundred square miles, in Sunflower County, cost only seventy cents per person per year.

The reason why many missionaries have no faith in quinine is that they see poor results from its administration among natives who are chronically infected and who do not take quinine regularly except when forced to do so. *Quinine will give clinical prophylaxis only when taken daily or at least weekly in adequate doses.* Its main value, therefore, lies not in the prevention of malaria among the native population but in its personal prophylaxis for the missionary and well-controlled groups.

It requires at least eighty grams of quinine to cure an acute attack of malaria. Five grains of quinine taken daily for a year will amount to one hundred twenty grams. In many districts quinine needs to be taken only six or nine months out of the year, so that it often takes no more quinine to prevent malaria than to cure it, and one saves oneself all the misery and losses due to prolonged illness.

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(The following lines were written by Sir Ronald Ross on finding himself, after infinite toil, in possession of conclusive proof of the casual relation of the mosquito to malaria.):

This day relenting God
Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing; and God
Be praised. At His command
Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath
I find thy cunning seeds,
O million-murdering Death!

I know this little thing
A myriad men will save.
O Death, where is thy sting,
Thy victory, O Grave!
Before Thy Feet I fall
Lord, Who made high my fate;
For in the mighty small
Is shown the mighty great.

HIGH SPOTS ON A MISSION CRUISE

By Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M., M.D.

We are fortunate in obtaining another article from the pen of our Superior General. This time she gives us, in her own inimitable style, some of the high-lights of her trip to the Dark Continent.—Editor.

Saint Helena

Our cruise around the world provided plenty of contrasts. Sandwiched in between the two beauty spots of Rio de Janeiro and Capetown, we had a glimpse of "that black wart rising out of the sea" as Napoleon's surgeon disdainfully described Saint Helena. In the dark ages of the past it was split by a volcano which left forty-seven miles of craggy rock barren over large areas, yet having more vegetation than I expected.

We cast anchor some distance outside the uninviting shore and were rowed by natives to the pier at Jamestown, the little capital of one thousand four hundred souls. It nestles in a ravine. The spire of the Anglican Cathedral in the foreground gives it an air of distinction. A steep flight of stairs from the town to the top of a high hill is conspicuous from afar. It is the so-called Jacob's ladder consisting of six hundred ninety-nine steps leading to the signal station. I was afraid that our enthusiastic cruise director might invite us to ascend by foot, but luckily he did not. Instead he had buses ready for us at the pier. While we were waiting for the assembling of the passengers, the crowds of men, women and children who arrived on the scene had plenty of time to gaze at us and we at them. From their hues and physiognomies it was quite evident that the majority had mixed blood coursing in their veins. They appeared to be poor people. The girls and children offered simple homemade lace, necklaces and bags made out of seeds, as well as postal cards for sale.

Our ascent to the high windswept plateau of Napoleon's home was steep, bumpy and dusty. It is remarkable that there are motor vehicles and traveled roads on a small island which has a population of barely four thousand poor natives and which is hundreds of miles from nowhere. The hillsides were covered with wild geranium, agave and red and yellow flowering cacti. We also noticed a coarse-leaved

plant which must be used as fodder since we saw it loaded on carts later on. Cows and sheep were grazing here and there and chickens emerged frequently. Magpies were fluttering hither and thither among the bright red balls of blooms in the thorn-trees. People were working in the fields cutting a coarse flax originally imported from New Zealand. It seems to be the only export of the island. The one traffic problem we met on the way was that of the rider and donkey.

At one spot the driver pointed out a huge heartshaped excavation on the hillside; it was as if nature wanted to show that even the bitterest exile has a heart.

To get to Napoleon's tomb, we had to walk down to a dell. There the tricolor waved in the wind and weeping willows trembled over a large fenced-in marble slab without inscription. Beneath it the earthly remains of Napoleon Bonaparte rested for twenty years. It is a thought-provoking spot. One of the great Corsican's historians says of him that "he took glory for his end, found it in conquest and was too often prone to measure it by destruction." He who once confessed that he was weary of old Europe and that he would be master of the universe in three years, was banished in the years of his best manhood to a stormswept rock on which he could not even roam about at will.

On the plateau above the tomb is *Longwood,* the house in which he spent the six years of his exile. The rooms are bare but for a few articles of furniture. A French guard is on duty always.

On our descent we stopped at the governor's house, which was open to visitors, since he was absent. The grounds were an oasis of loveliness with a lawn, a flower bed of deep blue delphiniums and cypress trees that would do honor to Lebanon. It was a perfect example of how an Englishman can carry his home surroundings to the most unpromising spot on earth. In the field in front of the mansion we made the acquaintance of a contemporary of Napoleon, a turtle of giant dimensions, one hundred thirty years old.

The descent to the valley was more hair-raising than our ascent. I think all the passengers were glad to be safely back in Jamestown. Almost everybody hurried to the postoffice to buy stamps for letters and philatelist friends at home. As a matter of fact, stamps are one of the main sources of revenue of the island because of their scarcity.

Saint Helena has lost much of its importance of bygone days when mariners and merchantmen of the great sea-faring nations halted there and feasted on the wild pigs which were then plentiful. It is still an important cable station and is fortified. The population is decreasing considerably, we were told. Even though it should become

completely deserted some day it will not be forgotten like so many other upstarts of the sea—because it once harboured a man who will never fade from history.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE DARK CONTINENT

Three and a half days after our farewell to Saint Helena, we landed, hale and hearty, in Capetown. I say hale and hearty because there was a time when on a single voyage from fifty to eighty percent of the crew succumbed before the boat reached the Cape, due mainly to scurvy, whilst we were housed and fed better than the kings of those days. No chance of scurvy with fifty varieties of dishes on the luncheon menu; Bismarck herring, red beets, flounders, roast beef au-jus, fresh spinach, fruit pudding, ice cream, cheese, mocca and even mocca hag—to mention only a few, and in case we did become ill we had a miniature hospital on our Reliance with two doctors, a dentist and nurses to guard, protect and treat us. Capetown was settled two hundred eighty years ago by Van Riebeek, a ship surgeon, and seventy Dutchmen, as a revictualing station for Dutch boats. Huguenots, Germans and Britains took up residence there after the Dutch. In the course of time, Malayan labor was brought from the Dutch colonies, natives crowded into the city for a livelihood, half castes arose and today Capetown, famed for beauty, health and wealth, is the Parliamentary capital of the South African Mission with a population of almost three hundred thousand, of whom more than half are Europeans. Nature and human industry have combined to make it a unique spot. As the boat glided into the harbour on the morning of February sixth, we had a fine panoramic view of the red-roofed city spread out along the bay beneath the tablemountain, the Lion's Head, and Devil's Peak.

"Duty first" must have been the motto of our cruise director because as soon as we landed anywhere, we were whisked off to see what every globe trotter must see. Instead of taking a leisurely walk up Adderley Street and regaling our eyes with the dazzling floral beauties on the curb market and paying our respects to the founder of the city, we started off at once to the Cape of Good Hope on the supposedly finest marine drive of the world. It is a hundred miles long and is a feat of engineering built by convict labor. The tunnels and the road, hewn into the rock in some places, remind one of Alpine passes—while the scenery is enhanced by the broad expanse of ocean and the foaming waves beating high against the cliffs. At the end of the drive, we had a climb of about twenty minutes to a peak from

which we could actually see the tip of Africa just below us. It is washed by two oceans, the Atlantic and the Indian. If rocks could speak, the Cape could tell stirring tales of valiant men who braved storms (it was originally called the Cape of Storms), hardships, disease and life itself for God, country or mammon.

Our return journey to Capetown took us through orchards and vineyards. We halted to taste the wine from the famous cellars of Constantia, to admire some of the gabled houses of the fine old Dutch settlements, and above all to see *Groote Schuur,* the home of the man whose ambition and life work it was to have the British flag fly over South Africa. Cecil Rhodes came to South Africa as a delicate youth in search of health. He found diamonds and a country in the making. He grasped the opportunity with indomitable energy. Fittingly, a statue of rider and horse straining every muscle, expressing "Physical Energy," is erected in front of the Doric temple in which his bust is enshrined. The inscription beneath it reads: "to the spirit and life work of Cecil Rhodes, who loved and served South Africa." His wealth he considered a trust to be administered in the wider interests of humanity. His residence he left for the future Prime Ministers and on part of his estate there are now a new University and a large hospital. He endowed one hundred sixty scholarships in his own Alma Mater at Oxford.

Whiling away the hours between Rio and Capetown, I read the history of South Africa. It is one of long and fierce struggles between noble opponents, English, Boers and natives, and the strife is not yet ended; tension continues.

Although our minds were already crowded with new impressions, we could not afford to rest. Every minute was precious. So immediately upon our return to Capetown, we called on His Excellency, Bishop Henneman, P.S.M., who received us most kindly. As he already knew of our society, no long explanation of my interests was required. He took us mission-seeing in his Ford. Besides the cathedral, there are about twenty Catholic Churches in Capetown, he told us—some of good dimensions, others in the making. We passed one of the latter, a tiny tin chapel. The idea, he explained, was to have many, rather than large churches. We stopped in the suburb of *Parow* in a large, well-built orphanage where Holy Cross Sisters from *Menzingen,* Switzerland, house and feed over five hundred children, boys and girls, who looked happy and healthy and friendly. The work started during the great influenza epidemic of nineteen hundred eighteen, which raged like a medieval plague in South Africa and left

countless children fatherless, motherless and homeless. To mother as many as possible was a noble task for mission Sisters.

At the orphanage I had the pleasure of meeting Reverend Father O'Burke, the Director of the Propagation of the Faith for South Africa.

There was an unusual mission far out in a new settlement in the bush. The bush is a tall shrub called "Port Jackson," which was imported from Australia to keep the sandy soil together. The landmark here is nothing less than a "Round Tower," built by the late Father Kelley. It has a large statue of Saint Patrick built in and an altar where the bishop celebrates the Holy Sacrifice on the seventeenth of March. People from far and wide attend. A stone's throw away there is another surprise; a *miniature* church built in the shape of a shamrock. More Irish than the Irish! A few minutes walk on the other side of the road is a budding home for cripples under the care of the Pallotine Sisters. We saw about fifteen little tots, mostly cases of Pott's disease, tubercular joints and congenital deformities. Tuberculosis in its many manifestations is very common among the natives of Africa, we heard everywhere, and they have little or no resistance. The Bishop knew every child by name and played and joked with them. He said that it was his pet mission. The Sister Superior was a veteran missionary who had gone through thick and thin and was as cheerful and hospitable as one could wish.

On our return we passed the new university buildings once more. There the Bishop had acquired a place for Catholic students. I marveled how it was financially possible considering that the mission was comparatively young. "Mortgages," he said. It takes tremendous courage and a good head! A mission bishop has so many things to think of. He is so near the realities of life and so near the people too.

The drive back was a treat because the tablemountain, covered in its full length of two miles with the famous cloudy cloth, was spread out before us in the setting of a sky gorgeously tinted by the rays of the sinking sunball.

And our day was not over yet! The Bishop took us to see Doctor Staab of the Medical Mission Institute of Würzburg. He and his wife received us most cordially. Good fortune also willed that we find Doctor Maria Kunz there. She had just arrived from Würzburg to start her missionary career. The Staabs have a nice small house in a very populated section of the city. The doctor's practice is not restricted to any particular community, but is mostly among the colored. He said that it was difficult to work without affiliation with

a hospital. A Catholic hospital for the type of people he treated would have to be a charitable institution. The Government provides free medical care for the poor. For the white people there is sufficient provision, he said, but for the natives it is not adequate.

The next day, he took us to two homes. One was a poor Malayan family; the patient—a young girl—had pneumonia, which is very common there. In the other house was a poor colored Catholic woman who was oedematous to a degree that one never sees at home. She was married at sixteen, had thirteen children of whom ten were alive. I think we saw them all. They looked happy but not very healthy. The baby—a few weeks old—lay on a bed covered with newspapers. I felt its little legs; the skin was loose and lustreless. The doctor was treating this family free. He works with and in the spirit of the mission but he is by no means freed from the struggle of existence. His wife is a nurse and a helpmate to him in every sense of the word. Catholic Mission Doctors on an organized basis are still something new and rare. Therefore it is quite natural that many problems remain to be solved.

Our last visit in Capetown was to the so-called Monastery which, as its name does not indicate, is an up-to-date charming nursing home for Europeans conducted by the Sisters of Nazareth. Throughout our trip we found Catholic hospitals and nursing homes in seaport towns where local support is available from white people. To build and maintain Catholic Mission Hospitals for the poor is the privilege of the good Samaritans. To find the Samaritans is the task of the Missionaries, the beggars for Christ. Rich natives could contribute but rarely do. It can hardly be expected of them. Their religion and custom provide for their own conjoint families but not for strangers.

After this digression let me say that we left Capetown with the best of recollections in spite of the strong wind, the so-called "Cape doctor," which nearly blew us away. Our kind friends, the Staabs, had come with their baby boy to wave goodby to use. The blue-eyed curly-headed German boy was a pretty picture in the land of dark skins. Soon we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The next day we were to land in Mossel Bay, a beach resort on the South Coast, but the sea was so rough that the cruise director and one of the officers went ashore in a small boat to test out the possibilities of taking the passengers across. They had an extremely difficult time coming back, battling with the fury of the waves. We watched them anxiously and admired their skill and courage. This was the only one of the thirty-eight ports we intended to touch which we missed and the least impor-

tant, so no one minded. In sight of the coast we proceeded on to Durban, where we were due to dock the next day at seven a. m., and at seven on the dot we docked. Wonderful! Durban has everything a new modern city is supposed to have. Its beautiful ocean beach and the African and Asiatic touch are extras which lend it special interest. The white population predominates by a few thousand over the natives and Indians. The latter number seventy-two thousand. Toward the end of the last century Indian labor was imported on the indenture system mainly for the sugar cane industry.

From Durban we drove thirty miles out to Marianhill, which with its twelve thousand acres is probably the largest and most famous mission station in Africa. It was founded fifty years ago by Abbot Pfanner, a Tyrolese priest of good peasant stock. He started his priestly career in his own native land but felt more and more drawn to the religious life. Meeting two Trappist brothers, the thought came to him: "That is the right place for me; there I can *prepare* for death in peace." He became a Trappist and an abbot and at the request of the Bishop of Grahamstown, set out with thirty brethren to found a monastery in South Africa. The little silent company met with great obstacles and in the beginning lived in tents—a poor shelter from wild beasts which must have abounded then.

As we approached the stately portal we noticed the inscription: "ora et labora." We were disappointed that Bishop Fleischer was absent, but we were fortunate in finding a kind guide in Brother Vincent. The Monastery Church is large and beautiful, the episcopal residence simplicity and austerity itself. A special feature at Marianhill is the technical instruction of the natives. There are workshops for everything. We visited the tannery where they were working on a zebra skin; the forge; the carpenter shop; the shoe and tailor shop; the stained glass and art studios; schools of every grade and description; the museum; the Cathedral on the summit of the hill and the hospital. There we met Doctor McMurtrie who has devoted himself to the mission for many years. He took us around. He said that there is much dysentery and tuberculosis. We saw a dreadful case of syphilis, a case of bad nephritis with oedema of the conjunctiva very marked, a beautiful Zula mother with her newborn babe and many others. The Doctor's day is very full. Being an ardent liturgist, he attends conventual Mass. His first visit is to the hospital of the Fathers and Brothers; then he makes his rounds and performs operations in the native hospital. This accomplished he goes to a dispensary six miles distant. Then there are the unexpected calls which

must be numerous considering that there are hundreds of priests, brothers and sisters and many, many more hundreds of native workmen and students.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood, also founded by Abbot Pfanner, are in charge of the hospital. They have a training school for native nurses. The Sisters in charge said that teaching is by no means easy and the girls frequently go to government hospitals as soon as they know a little because they get more pay. A new nurses' home was under construction; the architect and supervisor was a Sister. The nuns first served us a delicious luncheon in the beautiful and peaceful atmosphere of their Motherhouse, and then showed us some of their numerous and diversified activities. Everything seemed to have a practical turn, suitable for a primitive people which, owing to changing circumstances in the world, is forced to emerge little by little from its own simple civilization. From the top of the hill we surveyed again the panorama of churches, houses, gardens and fields and felt indeed that "ora et labora" can make Africa a blessed place in which to live.

From Marianhill we sped on to the valley of a thousand hills, a series of verdant and pleated ups and downs dotted over here and there with krools. On the way back we stopped at the little church of Maryville where the Little Flower was installed over the main altar. The sound of lusty throats repeating lessons lured us for an all too brief visit to the adjoining school, where white and native Augustinian Sisters taught the dark hopefuls. We also met the parish priest, a young French Oblate of Mary—spiritual, handsome, refined, intellectual—giving his life like many others that Christ may reign in Africa.

We had to hurry to reach our boat. I stepped off African soil with the firm hope of returning and seeing more of it.

"I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an atheist and materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul, who believes that he is but a lump of clay and who wishes that I may also be like him, a lump of clay?"—Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE NON-MEDICAL MEDICAL MISSIONARY

By Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

When the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries was founded in 1925, it was emphasized that the purpose of the Society was the professional medical care of the sick in the foreign mission field. As our Holy Rule states it, "The Society has been founded to give those who desire to embrace the religious life and to combine it with the care of the sick in the missions in a professional way, the opportunity of doing so, and thereby providing medical aid to the missions as a work of charity and as a means of spreading the Kingdom of Christ."

It was also emphasized that the Society not only accepts doctors, nurses and other medical workers as members, but that provision was made in the Rules for the professional education of those members who are not medically trained if such Sisters wished to become doctors or nurses and were qualified for the profession.

In stressing the professional medical character of our Society the impression has been left with some that we admit *only* doctors and nurses to the Community. In fact many have lost sight of the real character of the Society: that it is a *religious* community, with the Sisters making vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and that the medical apostolate is simply the means used in this case to attain the primary purpose of all religious communities—the sanctification of the individual members.

After calling attention to the religious character of our Society, the other false impression, that professional medical women alone are admitted to membership, will be discussed here. The literature given out at the Motherhouse, wherein our Community is spoken of as a Community of Sisters who are doctors, nurses, etc., also contains a little further on the information which is so often overlooked, "Equally important for the success of the apostolate are candidates who do not care to qualify as doctors and nurses and who do the non-medical work of the Society, such as secretarial, domestic, and vocational."

It is obvious to anyone who understands mission work, even exclusively medical mission work, that doctors alone in a Community

would be rather out of luck. Imagine running a hospital without nurses, dietitians, housekeepers, stenographers, technicians!

To realize the importance of non-medical Sisters in the medical mission field we should consider first the number of non-medical Sisters associated with professional medical work in the United States.

The most common example of Sisters engaged in professional medical work is to be found in our Catholic hospitals. Here, however, the Sisters do not act in the capacity of doctors, but this is often necessary in the mission field.

Are all the Sisters engaged in hospital work nurses? The Catholic Hospital Association asked that very question in one of its surveys. As a result, it found that about one-third of the Sisters in our Catholic hospitals are nurses. It also found that the average Catholic hospital contains about one hundred beds and is staffed by eighteen Sisters. Thus about six Sisters in each hospital are nurses. A few of the others are professionally trained as pharmacists, medical technologists, dietitians or x-ray technicians. One or two are professional non-medical workers, as social service worker, record librarian or certified accountant. The remainder are what we might call non-professional or non-medical. Where the dividing line is or what we might construe as the line of demarcation between the professional workers and others, as hospital housekeepers, the treasurer, those in charge of the buying, the kitchen, the laundry, linen rooms, the bookkeeper, switchboard operator and similar operations, is really of no importance.

To anyone who knows anything about hospital management it is obvious that the Sisters in charge of the laundry, the linen room and the kitchen are just as necessary for good hospital service as the Sisters in charge of the surgery or dispensary. Indeed there have been times, when there was an unusual rush of patients or operations, when I thought the laundry the most important department of the institution; and other times, when trying to get calories into a reluctant fever patient, I thought the dietitian (or just plain cook) the most necessary person on the staff.

Thus, if the average Catholic hospital in the United States functions with only about one-third of its Sisters as nurses and the other two-thirds in other professional or non-professional positions, it is easy to conclude that in the mission field the non-medical worker would be equally valuable and perhaps even more necessary.

Although the purpose of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is to do professional medical mission work, it is understood that the non-medical Sister has a very definite place in the scheme of things. Realizing that there might even be a lack of non-medical workers—as there actually is in our institutions in India—and that doctors or nurses might have to do non-medical work, the Rule makes provision for that very possibility as follows: "Sisters, if asked, must be willing to do work which is not directly professional but is necessary for the Society as a whole."

There is one hospital position which a doctor or nurse is commonly called upon to fill, although, in our American hospitals at least, it is essentially non-medical work; that is the position of hospital superintendent. The tendency in non-Catholic hospitals is to have non-medical superintendents, and many of our most efficiently run lay institutions are in charge of business men rather than medical people. In Catholic hospitals the idea is still prevalent that the Sister superintendent must be a nurse. It is true that a doctor or nurse should have a better understanding of the needs of a hospital, but most of the work connected with the management of a hospital can often be done better by a non-medical person. Some doctors or nurses might make excellent superintendents but it usually means giving up the profession for a business career. It sometimes means that a well-trained floor nurse or perfectly efficient operating room supervisor has to spend a few years attending board meetings, filling out questionnaires, listening to salesmen, meeting the ladies' auxiliary, arranging bazaars or other "benefits," hearing complaints, and doing the hundred and one other things that fill a hospital superintendent's life—things that might be done more efficiently by a non-medical business person.

Of course the situation is not exactly the same in mission hospitals where life is simpler in some respects. The Community Chest, the industrial insurance laws, the multiplicity of other agencies that are so mixed up with the management of present-day hospitals do not exist in the missions, although there are government laws and local conditions that have to be taken into consideration. The average mission hospital is smaller, the number of Sisters may be less; so that a Sister doctor or nurse may have charge without necessarily giving up her professional duties. A general statement cannot cover all countries and conditions.

In so far as the need of non-medical workers is concerned I should think their responsibilities in a mission hospital would be

even greater than at home. The servants in India, for instance, need more supervision and training; there is still the record room work, the bookkeeping, which is extensive because of government surveys, grants, and reports to ecclesiastical as well as government authorities, and the other odds and ends of jobs that consume the time of a busy mission doctor or nurse unless someone else is there to do them.

From the standpoint of vocation, as there are young women here who devote themselves to non-medical work in nursing communities, so too there are young women who are interested in medical missions and who may not have the inclination or the qualifications to study professional medical subjects but could render valuable service in a non-medical capacity. Indeed I gaze in admiration when I see the efficiency with which some Sisters can change a typewriter ribbon or an inner tube; and although some of us know a lot about drugs and fevers we never seem to be able to learn how to produce a respectable menu out of the material available, while the sight of budgets and trial balances makes us panicky.

There is a danger that some might get the impression that if they entered a community such as ours as a non-medical Sister their status would be something like that of a lay-Sister. With us there is no such distinction and deference is paid only to rank or position in the Society—as Superiors, Assistants, etc., as in any other community. In the novitiate, those of us who were "medical" had to wash dishes and scrub floors with those who were "non-medical," but for the sake of efficiency and not because of social distinction a busy doctor or nurse will hardly be asked to take valuable time from the surgery or bedside to do domestic work if there is someone else capable of doing it.

It is because the "non-medical" realizes that point so well that she is happy to contribute her time and energy to save that of the "medical." Otherwise they work, eat, recreate and spend their days together—each a MEDICAL MISSIONARY, grateful for her vocation which gives her the opportunity to exemplify in her own life the parable of the "Good Samaritan."

CONGRATULATIONS!

Sr. M. Bernadette, S.C.M.M.
(See page 163)

Sr. M. Isabel, S.C.M.M.
(See page 161)

Sr. M. Bernard, S.C.M.M.
(See page 161)

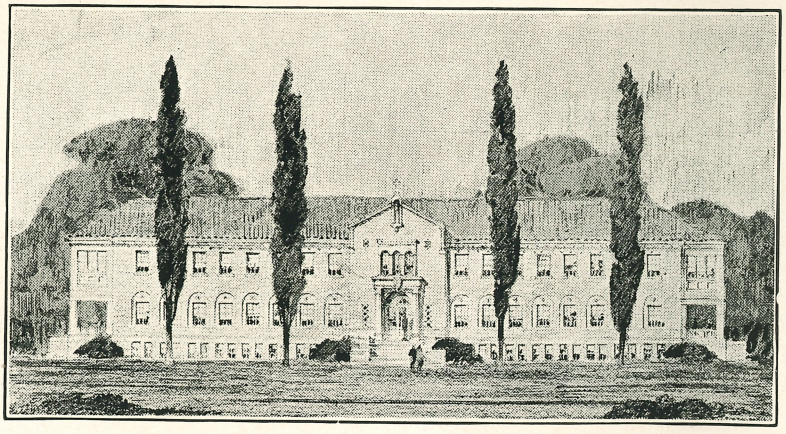
OUR MOTHERHOUSE

(See page 162)

WHAT WE HAVE!

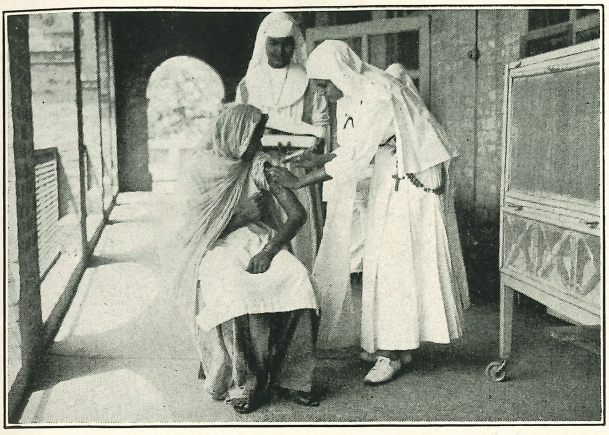
and

WHAT WE NEED!



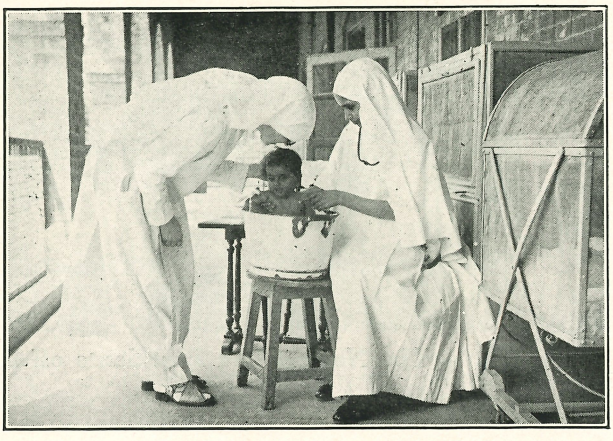
THE NATIVE SISTERS

(See page 171)

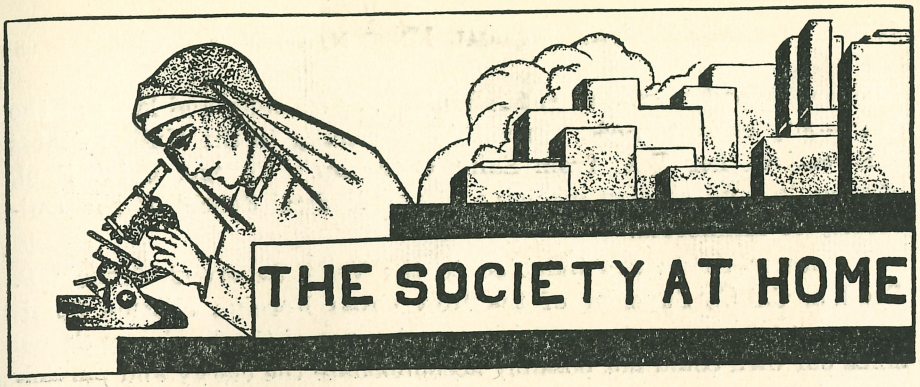


"Even the fussiest of European or Indian patients are quite content to be taken care of by one of them"

"It is really wonderful that such young girls should be able to work, study or pray almost every minute of the day!"



The Novices and Postulants off for a picnic



WASHINGTON

Ceremony of Profession and Reception

The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption into Heaven was a day of rejoicing at the Medical Mission House. Two more Sisters made the Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and the Mission Oath, and six young ladies received the habit of the Medical Missionaries at the Solemn High Mass celebrated in the chapel of the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary. The Reverend Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., officiated at the ceremonies and sang the Mass assisted by the Reverend Heinrich Goertz as deacon and the Reverend Maurice Power, C.S.C., as sub-deacon. Brother Laborious, C.S.C., acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The Reverend C. M. Thuente, O.P., who had conducted the retreat prior to the ceremony, preached the sermon, in which he stressed the complete oblation of the Medical Missionary to Christ and His suffering sick in foreign mission lands.

Sister M. Bernard and Sister M. Isabel made their Profession and the following young women were invested in the habit of the Society: Miss Mary E. McCarthy of Kircubbin, County Down, Ireland, in religion Sister M. Veronica; Miss Louise DuVally of Providence, Rhode Island, Sister Madeleine Sophie; Miss Margaret Stupak, R.N., of Cleveland, Ohio, Sister M. Regis; Miss Ellen Caine, R.N., of Madison, Wisconsin, Sister M. Jude; Miss Josephine O'Connell of New York City, Sister M. Winifred; Miss Virginia McCarty, R.N., of Zanesville, Ohio, Sister M. Virginia.

Sister M. Bernard, the former Miss Marjorie Tyler of London, England, made her postulate at the Medical Mission House in London before coming to Washington for her novitiate.

Sister M. Isabel, who was Miss Isabel Schmitz-Dumont of Cologne, Germany, is a graduate from the Gymnasium of that city.

She continued her studies at the University of Bonn and later at the University of Innsbruck, Tyrol. After coming to the United States she received her B.A. from Saint Catherine's College, Saint Paul, Minnesota, and studied medicine at the Medical School of the University of Minnesota.

Once more we are indebted to the Very Reverend Francis P. Goodall, C.S.C., Superior of the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary, for his kindness in permitting us the use of the Seminary chapel since our own could not possibly accommodate the clergy and participants in the ceremony.

The Motherhouse Fund

The Motherhouse Fund is growing, but slowly, while the need for a larger house becomes more acute every day. The community was enlarged by the arrival of ten more young women who began their postulate in August, but the house failed to increase in size correspondingly. Temporarily, the problem has been partly solved by having two successive Masses each morning, one for the professed Sisters and one for the novices, and by arranging meals, prayers, and other community exercises for the two groups at different hours.

Another generous benefactor donated the third cornerstone for the proposed Motherhouse. But—can you imagine a house resting on the insecure foundation of three cornerstones? WHO WILL RESCUE IT FROM TOPPLING OVER BY DONATING A FOURTH?

After we have the foundation stones we can begin to think seriously of the upper structure of the building.

Welcome Home, Sister Mary Laetitia!

The Sisters at the Motherhouse are looking forward with pleasure to the return of Sister Mary Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N., to Washington this month. Sister is one of the four who joined our Society at its foundation in 1925. Two years later she was sent to Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, where she remained for three years. In 1930 she went to Dacca, Bengal, to open our first Child-Welfare and Maternity Center. The following year she took charge of the Nurses' Training School at Mitford Municipal Hospital in Dacca. After spending three years there she returned to Rawalpindi as Superior of Holy Family Hospital, her present position.

After ten years of pioneering and the arduous labors that are inevitably connected with the foundation and building up of three

medical mission centers, Sister Mary Laetitia is doubly deserving of a change and rest.

Needless to say we, at the Motherhouse, are eager to meet another of the Sisters who formed the original community and to obtain some first hand information of the land of our future missionary labors.

Bon Voyage, Sister Bernadette!

Just as one Medical Missionary returns from the field another is assigned to the same mission. The joyous news was announced a week ago that Sister M. Bernadette is to depart for India early in October. As many more of us are anxiously hoping to receive the same happy news, we not only offer our heartiest congratulations but bemoan the fact that we cannot be her companions on this trip.

Sister M. Bernadette, formerly Miss Elizabeth Dömmel of Pécs, Hungary, received her education at the Notre Dame Convent School there and attended the Conservatory of Music in her native city where she specialized in voice culture. She made her postulate at the Medical Mission House, Osterley, London, and her novitiate at the Motherhouse in Washington. Since her profession a year ago she has been busily engaged preparing for the missions, helping with the work at home, and part of the time acting as director for our little Gregorian Choir.

Auf Wiedersehen! Sister Bernadette!

Back to School

Sister M. Eleanor and Sister M. Leonie will return from Europe in time to begin their fourth year at the George Washington Medical School on September twentieth. Sister M. Elise will also begin her fourth year at Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. This year she will have as companion Sister M. Isabel, who will begin her third year of medicine in the same school.

Sister M. Timothy and Sister M. Barbara will return to Trinity College in Washington, District of Columbia, to complete their premedical studies. The rest of us at the Motherhouse are settling down to the regular routine of work, classes, prayer—and begging!

THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE CONVENTION

The dominating note sounded at the Tenth Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Cleveland was that of Mission Vocations and Mission Sacrifice. The missions of the Church look to the youth of today to staff and finance them tomorrow and if the spirit of the crusaders in Cleveland is to be taken as evidence the mission fields of the Church, both home and foreign, will yield a vast harvest of souls for Christ in the years to come.

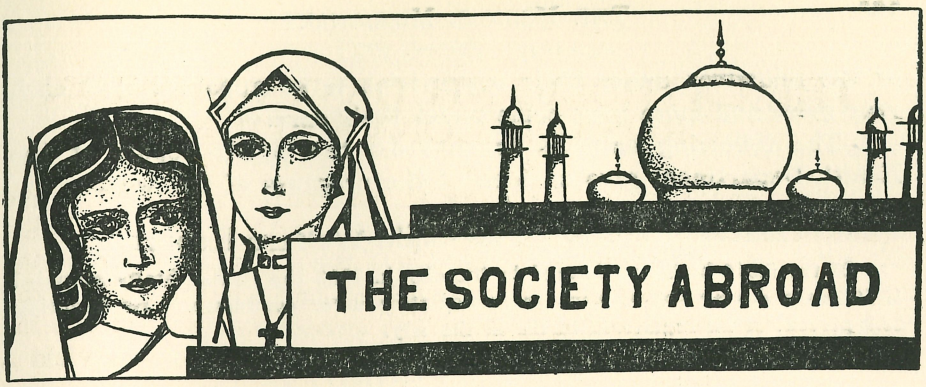
Over seventy religious communities of men and women were represented in the Mission Exhibits shown in the Cleveland Public Auditorium. Sister Agnes Marie, Doctor Helen Lalinsky, Sister M. Theophane and Sister M. Francis Patrick of our Society were present at the Convention. "The Good Samaritan," a sound film of our work, was shown by Sister M. Theophane and Sister M. Francis Patrick had the pleasure of addressing the Crusaders and missionaries on some phases of medical mission work.

A special resolution was adopted by acclamation paying tribute to Monsignor Frank A. Thill, first organizer and former National Secretary, who directed the national Crusade Movement from its inauguration in 1918 until he was called to the office of Chancellor of the Cincinnati Archdiocese in December, 1935.

Congratulations are due the Right Reverend Monsignor John P. Treacy, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Cleveland, for his splendid work in organizing the Mission Exhibits and the Crusade Convention.

A Mission Message

"While the major purpose of mission interest is to win souls from paganism or heresy, yet it must not be forgotten that a great mission program can make a most important contribution to the preservation and stimulation of the Faith in our own people."—Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell in his address, "Catholic Action and Mission Aid."



DACCA

The Sacred Cow

In India, one-third of the babies die at birth. In the Province of Bengal alone fifty-five thousand babies die annually of tetanus (lockjaw). As tetanus among babies is very rare among our people we may wonder why so many babies die of it in India. The answer is this: Because the cow is sacred!

Everything associated with the cow is holy. Cow-dung is supposed to have special purifying effects, therefore it is used to "whitewash" the houses and for numerous other purposes. One of the common uses is that of an antiseptic for wounds and bruises. The germs that cause lockjaw, the tetanus bacilli, are found principally in manure. Result—a holocaust to ignorance and superstition of many thousands of babies annually.

Health Centers in Dacca

The health officials in Dacca, Bengal, an old Mohammedan stronghold, decided to do something about this appalling waste of life. Who would teach their ignorant midwives and mothers how to properly care for their babies? Some one told them of the Medical Missionary Sisters who already had a hospital in the north of India. And so it came about that our Sisters were asked if they would send two of their number to open Maternity and Child-Welfare Centers in Dacca and supervise the native midwives.

The Progress of the Work

The Sisters went to Dacca and the Centers were opened. That was seven years ago. There is no law in Dacca compelling mothers to visit the Health Centers nor for midwives to submit to their supervision, but the difference in death rate between the cases cared for by the ignorant native midwives and those attended by the Sisters

or the midwives under their supervision is so apparent that each year more and more have come under their care.

The following extracts taken from the yearly report of the Health Department give an idea of the progress of the work.

Dacca Maternity and Child-Welfare Report

Of the 5,016 births registered in the city in 1936 the Center Staffs attended 1,456 cases during confinement or immediately after confinement, representing 28.9 percent of all registered births in the city.

MORTALITY RATES

	Center Cases	Non-Center Cases
Maternal mortality.....	3.34 per 1000	13.2 per 1000
Infant mortality.....	31.5 per 1000	82.5 per 1000

The work of 23 indigenous dhais (midwives) was supervised during the year: 3,468 babies were kept under observation by the Sisters; 1,152 expectant mothers were supervised in their homes. Two milk kitchens were maintained in order to supply milk free of charge to destitute mothers and babies. . . .

The report closes with a tribute to the Sisters and the doctor in charge.

The keenness and devotion to duty of Sister Frances, R.N., Sister Thomas, R.N., and Doctor Ganguli call for warm commendation, as in previous years.

The Nosegay of the Month

Upon Sister M. Frances, S.C.M.M., R.N., and Sister M. Thomas, S.C.M.M., R.N., therefore, we bestow the nosegay of the month. How only two Medical Missionaries could manage the two Maternity and Child-Welfare Centers, visit the homes of the patients and supervise the work of the native midwives in so large a number of cases is more than we can understand.

Mitford Hospital

In the report of the work done at Mitford Hospital the past year we find that Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N., and Sister M. Therese, S.C.M.M., R.N., must have been as busy as the Center Sisters. These two Medical Missionaries have the supervision of the nursing in this four hundred and fifty bed hospital as well as the training of the native nurses and midwives in the hospital training school. The hospital averaged three hundred and twenty patients daily, under the care of six staff nurses, twenty pupil nurses, and the Sisters in charge.

In April, 1937, four of the pupil nurses went to Calcutta for their State Board Examinations. All passed—one receiving highest honors.

Diversions

From the letters our Sisters send home, however, we learn that life is not all work and no play, even in Health Center work. In her latest letter, for instance, Sister M. Frances tells of a wedding in one of the families under their care. We will quote some of it.

> *"The Center Staff was invited to a wedding the other day. The usual thing is to have pink invitations accompanied by sweets. But this was a very poor family of potters living near by. They were too poor to have invitations so they sent us each two cloves wrapped up in a leaf. Of course we are expected to send a present in return. . . .*
>
> *"Among the low caste Hindus wedding processions sometimes are very amusing. Usually music of some kind, then the bridal party decked out in all its finery, then the bride's dowry and wedding presents. The coolies follow behind carrying a bed made up, even with the mosquito netting in place. The others follow with a clothes rack holding the bride's saris and other articles of clothing. Then comes the brass ware and articles of furniture. The amount of jewelry, brass ware, furniture and clothes is all settled before the marriage! If the father of the bride does not give all he agreed upon the bride will not be permitted to visit her parents and may be ill-treated. For this reason the parents will usually make all sorts of sacrifices to pay."*

RAWALPINDI

They Call It a Vacation!

After reading some of the accounts of the Sisters' vacations in India we are not sure that we shall want one when our turn comes. They have a little cottage in Murree, up in the Himalayas, in a spot only a couple of hours drive from our hospital in Rawalpindi but several thousand feet higher—which makes a tremendous difference in temperature. There the Sisters have the opportunity of getting away from some of the most severe summer heat.

It may have been before we acquired our present cottage, but this is the story Sister M. Therese tells of her experience there.

"It was a glorious moonlight night in the month of July. Four of us were in our tiny bungalow up in the Himalayas, all tired out after a hard climb up the mountain. Oh! for a good night's sleep! Alas for our hopes! No sooner had we turned in than giant lizards began a game of tag on the tin roof. Had they been shod in hob-nailed boots they could not have made more noise! Next the squirrels gave some acrobatic turns among the rafters. One grew bold enough to investigate the ear of a very 'wide-awake' sleeper to the extent of nibbling at it. Then the jackals began a piercing serenade which lasted half of the weary night.

"Presently all was quiet, except for the breathing of four exhausted sleepers. But not for long . . . ! Flutter! Flutter! One by one we sat up in bed. Flutter! Flutter! Flutter!! What on earth? The other disturbances had been annoying but this was creepy, ghostly! At last, after repeated urgings, one of the braver Sisters crawled out of bed and lit the kerosene lamp. Behold the three big butterflies we had caught and chloroformed that morning had come back to life during the night. Presto! they were caught again and this time put outside the house.

"Again sleep descended upon the four of us—but not for long. Rats! Everybody was up quicker than it takes to tell, the lamp lit again but the rats had made their escape. As we finally crawled wearily back to bed again a donkey in the compound mockingly cried, 'Hee-haw'."

The Plagues of Egypt

This year, however, the diversions were varied and differed somewhat from Sister Therese's experience. Sister M. Vincent, our regular correspondent from Rawalpindi, gives the following description of the "vacation" they had.

"The monsoon has broken—thunder, lightning, rain and hail—with intervals of lovely sunshine are the order of the day. The cloudy skies are a great relief after the glaring sunshine of the last week. It was one hundred twenty-one degrees in the shade in Rawalpindi a few days ago. Even up here in the mountains it was one hundred degrees.

"At present we are being visited by one of the plagues of Egypt in the form of millipedes. They come in from the woods

and the whole house is infested with them. They are only about half an inch long, but I don't know how many legs they have. I tried counting them but they simply curled up so I couldn't see any legs at all. They crawl along the floor and up the walls, only to fall down and begin all over again.

"Sometimes they fall off the ceiling right into your lap, whether you are in chapel or at table. It's a little disconcerting at times. When Sister Joseph came up for her vacation last week we assured her that the millipedes did not get on the beds but clung to the walls and ceiling. Sister had been in bed only a few minutes when she struck a match and found three on her pillow. . . ."

Of All the Provoking Things!

If there is anything in the world that annoys us it is an unfinished story. Have you ever followed a continued story in a magazine, and just at the most thrilling part you couldn't get hold of the next number? Years after you were probably still trying to figure out how the story ended. Now here is another letter from Sister M. Vincent, and of all the provoking things!! Read it yourself.

"This morning at the Convent chapel I saw something beside my kneeler. It never dawned on me what it could be until the Sister Sacristan went to kneel in front of me. She became quite excited and said 'Come away, Sister, quickly, there's a snake there.' It is the first time I saw one since I came to India. Sister went to the priest who was in the sacristy and all I could hear was 'a snake a snake.' Father came with a couple of servants. They had two big stones, a stick and a brush. The Sister who has that place in the chapel is from Ireland and later the others teased her about it, asking where Saint Patrick was, but she replied that Saint Patrick could not be expected to look after India also as he has his hands full keeping the snakes out of Ireland."

And there she leaves us. Immediately I wanted to know: Did they kill the snake? Was it a poisonous snake? How long was it? If it had bit Sister would she have died—or did they have anti-snake venom on hand?

I hope Sister Vincent reads this and supplies the desired information in her next letter. In the meantime, as it takes a month

for a letter to reach India and another month or more before an answer is received we have over two months in which to worry about the end of the snake story. Let this be a lesson for Medical Missionaries going to India in the future. Never, NEVER send back incomplete stories—especially snake stories—to the Motherhouse. The mental train is likely to be too much for us.

A Matter of Precaution

After reading the above letters, as well as Sister M. Elise's article on Malaria, we have come to the conclusion that every outgoing Medical Missionary should be equipped with five yards of *silk* mosquito netting (fifteen mesh to the inch), a roll of mosquito wire (eighteen mesh to the inch—colonial regulations) and a bottle of quinine capsules. We do not know why silk mosquito netting is specified except that we saw it recommended by explorers in the tropics. Maybe because it wears better, or maybe because insects are not so likely to eat through it. Some day we will ask Ripley.

Center Work in Rawalpindi

We were pleased to read in the Indian newspapers that the opening of the new Health Center under the supervision of the Medical Missionaries aroused no little interest. Some of the high caste Hindu and Mohammedan women volunteered to aid in the work.

Sister M. Joseph, the Health Visitor in charge, goes from house to house with her assistant, a native Bengali Sister. They both are very happy in their work judging from the reports we receive, although we haven't heard many details yet.

"Today the Church is again threatened. The outlook is black and menacing. The Church has four hundred million members and each of these must become an apostle. They all must be strengthened in their faith and they must live it."—The Catholic Herald, London.

"If you cannot water missionary fields with the sweat of your labors, at least do so with the dew of your prayers."

FATHER ELLIOTT, C.P.

THE NATIVE SISTERS

By Sister Mary Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Our Holy Father, "The Pope of the Missions," has said that it is through her own sons and daughters that India must be converted. We are happy to have a part in giving professional medical training to Sisters of native Religious Communities. Sister Mary Laetitia, R.N., the superior of Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, gives an account of the native Sisters in our hospital there.—Editor.

"Sister, please could you come to my house and treat our donkey?" "Donkey!" exclaimed the Bengali Sister in mild astonishment. "I am afraid I know very little about sick donkeys; however, I will come along and see if there is anything I can do for it."

The poor, old donkey had a very swollen face, wrapped up in a handkerchief, with a bow tied between its ears. It seemed to have mumps, if such an ancient creature could be sporting such a youthful disease!

Whatever it had, the little Indian Sister applied a poultice, and the donkey recovered, more by good luck than good judgment, for he would have been better off dead considering the looks of him.

Having treated Brother Ass, the Sister blithely wended her way to the next patient, this one more in her line—a baby suffering from an attack of dysentery, eternally associated with the Punjab.

She (the Sister, not the baby) was a native nun from Bengal, one of the ten training to become a nurse and midwife at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, the first hospital which we opened in India.

Two years ago one of our Sisters happened to visit the Motherhouse of the native Sisters in Bengal, and greatly admired the gentle, quiet, good little nuns. Their Foundress remarked that she was hoping to train some of them as nurses, but was having difficulty finding a suitable place. "Send them to our hospital!" said the Medical Mission Sister, on a sudden inspiration. "We have a Sister who knows their language who would be delighted to train them."

That very week she returned to the far north with three—three real, little missionaries, for they were going among strange people, speaking a foreign language, eating different food and living in a climate much colder in winter and considerably hotter in summer

than anything they had been accustomed to. And they reacted splendidly to all these adverse conditions!

A year later they were joined by six more members of their own Community, each one vieing with the others in general all-around goodness and adaptability—even to treating donkeys as a matter of course.

The next thing they knew, they were taking their first year's state examination, and passing in every subject; one even attaining honors—no mean feat!

Recently, when we opened a new Child Welfare and Maternity Center, a Sister from the group had made such progress in the language, the customs of the people, and in the knowledge of nursing, that she was able to assist one of our Sisters in the house to house visiting and the care of the patients in their homes. Her advice has been asked on subjects varying from the care of the particularly bad open drains with which her district abounds to getting the false teeth of the family patriarch to fit.

Later we were asked if we could train more Sisters, the Mission Sisters of Ajmer. We were glad to accept them; as they speak English very well our teaching troubles are much less than in the case of the Bengali Sisters. In this group there are six, and they are doing very well indeed.

Arrangements had been made to take in Hindu-speaking Sisters from still another section of India, but at the last moment they were unable to come. However, they hope to begin training one of these days.

At present an arrangement to make nurses of several members of another Community is underway, and will eventually go through.

The language difficulty in India is great! Each group of Sisters which arrives speaks a different language. In Holy Family Hospital it is possible to manage four: Urdu and Hindi, which are allied, Bengali and, of course, English. We could manage German but, alas, for some unknown reason, none of the native Indians turn up with a German mother tongue! Outside of the above named four languages the remaining three-hundred-and-sixty or more dialects have to take care of themselves.

In training native Sisters one is performing a great work for the Church in India; although we have been training native lay nurses for the past ten years, they have never been very satisfactory. They have a bad habit of getting married in the middle of their training, or of walking off to try another training school, always in the hope

that they will be able to obtain a diploma of nursing because of infused knowledge, which relieves them from the trouble of studying.

The recent raising of the standard of nursing in India means that the nurse-in-training has really a great deal of studying to do. One is often sorry for the little Sisters who work so hard in the wards then have many lectures, much studying and several hours of prayer each day. Although everything is regulated it is really wonderful that such young girls should be able to work, study or pray almost every minute of the day!

What we would now like to do would be to train some native Sisters of our own, and keep them permanently. They would then help us to train others, more than we can manage by ourselves.

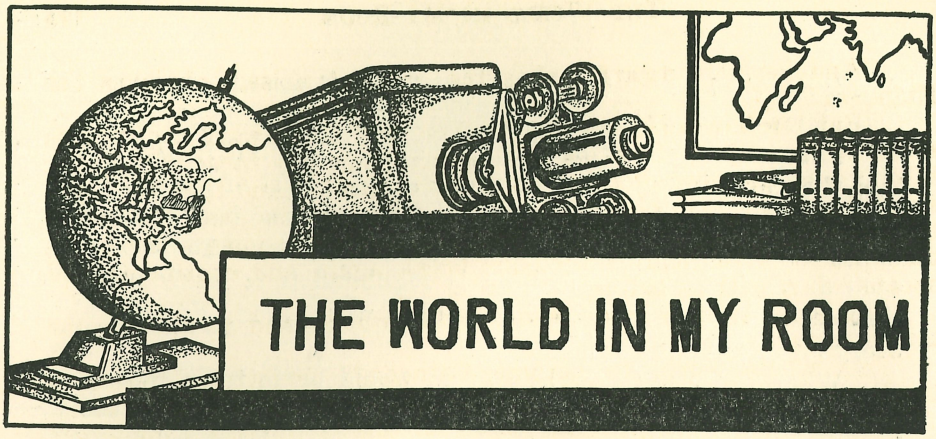
Everyone is enamoured of these Sisters. Even the fussiest of European or Indian patients are quite content to be taken care of by one of them. A few days ago one of the Indian patients asked when a certain Sister would get a holiday as she wanted to give a three-day feast for her. Since the early Roman feasts had nothing on an Indian feast, one can better imagine than describe the condition they would be in, if we were to accede to such a request.

Each different Community has as its immediate Superior, one of its own Sisters who is also in training. All, of course, come under the authority of the Superior of the hospital. This custom of each Community having its own Superior lifts a load of responsibility from the general Superior.

Each group has a separate dormitory and a combined refectory-Community-study room, and, because of the difference in the languages, they also have lectures separately.

These Sisters are going to do great things for the Church, as they are not only being taught to be first class nurses and mid-wives and practical health visitors, but they are also being trained to conduct their own hospitals and to start their own training schools.

Once their training is completed they will be able to train lay nurses, or members of their own Community, and in their gentle, kindly way should accomplish much in the service of God.



By REVEREND HEINRICH GOERTZ

THE START

A November night settles upon the town, bringing with it a dense haze. From the Rhine comes monotonous blasts of a fog-horn. A ship cautiously explores its way through the mists, a train thunders through the stillness to connect the continent with London—harbingers of distant lands in our little room.

"When do we start?" drawls the Philosopher, as he packs his huge pipe. He has occupied a gigantic easy chair for our "Globe Special." Already the Geographer hums a rambler's song.

"More dignity, please!" warns the Philosopher, settling deeper in the easy chair and directing the first cloud of thick smoke to the ceiling. "You are not a mere tramp! You are called upon to represent Europe on this trip."

"To represent Europe? Does one need so much dignity to do that?" is the Geographer's come-back.

"Place the globe on the table!" the Engineer commands, briskly.

The Benjamin, the "ship-boy," disentangles the globe from cigar boxes, tobacco cans and books and places it on the round table. The great moment has arrived! The earth comes to us! Seven pairs of eyes are glued on it as the Engineer's order breaks the stillness:

"ALL ABOARD!"

A push! The globe spins around. Only six heads bend over it, because the Philosopher is satisfied to see it at a distance. Continents and oceans glide by in a manifold play of colors. The Geographer assumes a professorial posture.

"Here you see the vast stretches of Asia." His long finger traces the boundary lines. "And here you find the lonely continent, Australia. These islands that seem to crawl so amusingly through the Pacific are the South Sea Islands. This is the continent of the two Americas—its head almost touches the north pole, whilst its feet dangle in the icy waters of the southern arctic. Here you see the Black Continent, Africa, and here, as a dwarf among giants—our Europe!"

"And yet this dwarf makes the greatest noise," observes the Engineer.

"But for how long, my dear fellow, will this dwarf continue to make all the noise? I have a feeling that some day *those* will do the talking who are now silent—who must be silent. And then they will speak harshly!" So philosophizes our friend in the easy chair, and blows a smoke screen at the globe. For a few moments the earth disappears. Eventually the clouds break again and continents and oceans whirl past as before.

With this view of many lands, certain doubts and questions come to the surface.

"This whole world to become Catholic?" doubtfully questions the Engineer as he covers the whole of Africa with an ungainly hand.

"Shall the hour ever come when all this is Christ's Kingdom?" With these words the Broadcaster gives the globe a rough push that sends it wildly creaking and turning.

"Is that proposal not too much for human strength?" asks the Geographer.

"And what does sacred theology say to all this?" inquires "philosophy" from the easy chair.

The Theologian takes up the challenge: "My answer to all questions is, 'Yes!' Listen. . . .

THE LAST COMMAND

"The world must become Catholic! 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' This is Christ's *last command,* spoken on the morning of His ascension. The last command is always sacred. The Apostles must tread all the roads of the world and announce the glad tidings: He, the Christ, God of God, Light of Light, came from on high into this world. 'For God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son!' (Christ). 'The life was manifested . . . and this is the promise which he hath promised us: *life everlasting.*' (St. John.) This 'new life' is grace. Christ merited this grace by His death. His outstretched arms on the cross have embraced mankind 'and I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all things to myself.' (Christ.) The community of the redeemed shall form His Kingdom—His Church. The frontiers of this Church shall not coincide with those of earthly dominions. God's Kingdom recognizes no such frontier. . . .

THE GROWING KINGDOM

"The whole world will one day be Christ's parish! Not today, or tomorrow. Till now only a fraction of humanity is Christ's own. Only 350 millions out of 1,600 millions are united with Him, and of these 350 millions, many live only in an external relationship with Him. But nevertheless, the Kingdom grows 'through the centuries, akin to all truth and virtue which, although associated with error and evil, is found everywhere in this colorfully checkered world of ours.' (F. von Hugel.)

"The Kingdom grows everywhere—but slowly, only foot by foot. Man counts by years; God, by centuries. So also His Kingdom, the

Church. She has already passed over the ruins of many an empire. She has gathered many a crown that has fallen from the heads of dethroned kings. These she preserves in her museums. Some are memories of enemies worthy of her steel. She will keep on doing so. But this passage through the centuries was not a joy-ride through spring flowers. The Church, the living Christ, prolongs the Way of the Cross. Misunderstood, mistaken, calumniated, scoffed at, hated, persecuted, she wanders to the end of the world. And yet men come to her—all those 'men of good will!' They come from all peoples, all races, all ranks, all professions. There are millions also who throw away the illuminating faith of their childhood, just as one flings something worthless into the rubbish heap. This bitter fact we are experiencing in our days. But there are also millions who stretch out their hands for something to fill the emptiness of their hearts. They search for happiness which they imagine they will find in something new—and the fulfilment of their craving they find in the old Church, in the community of Christ, in union with Him. And so, in spite of all, the Church grows always greater and stronger, inwardly and outwardly, up to that hour which has been predestined by the Father. 'The imitation of Christ will always be the most sublime and the proudest, the most urgent and the most blissful, task of humanity, until the last Christian dies and the last star has fallen.' (K. Adam.)

ALL IS GRACE

"The growth of this Kingdom of God is God's grace, is God's work! Coming into God's Kingdom can only be effected by God's hand. 'No man can come to me except the Father draw him!' says Christ. This 'drawing' is the mysterious work of God's grace. To transform the world into the Kingdom of God—not only outwardly but much more inwardly—cannot be done by men, for it is a spiritual creation, much greater than that at the dawn of the world. St. Paul says of this new creation: 'If then any be in Christ a new creature, the old things are passed away, behold all things are made new.' We overlook too much God's part in the history of His Church. How much He must do to rectify the foolishness of men, particularly in the history of mission work! We need sharp eyes to recognize the mysterious workings of God. Faith must sharpen them. He who reads the history of missions with the eyes of faith sees again the marvels of God's grace. . . .

"We men are allowed to cooperate in this new creative work as. . . .

GOD'S HANDYMEN

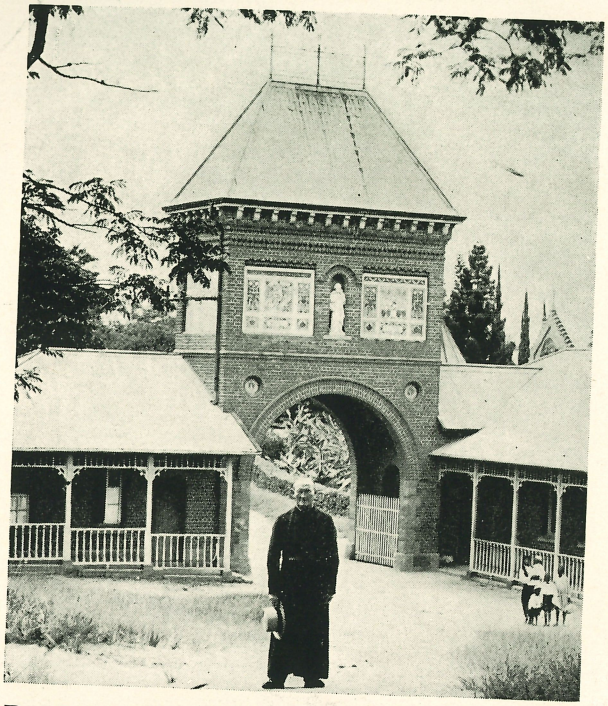
"Handymen through prayer. Why is it the wish of the Holy Father to build tranquil convents of contemplation in mission countries, in closest proximity to the centers of pagan life and the sites of pagan worship? It is to draw down currents of grace upon these countries of the night. 'It is prayer alone that conquers God.' (Tertullian.) We are powerful through our prayers. But this prayer *must be Catholic!* Unhappily our prayers are all too often concerned with only me, Me, *ME!* For this reason is our prayer so small, so narrow. In Catholic, world-wide prayer, however, we expand beyond the boundaries of village, town or country. In it we embrace con-

Bishop Henneman, P.S.M., with Dr. Staab and his wife

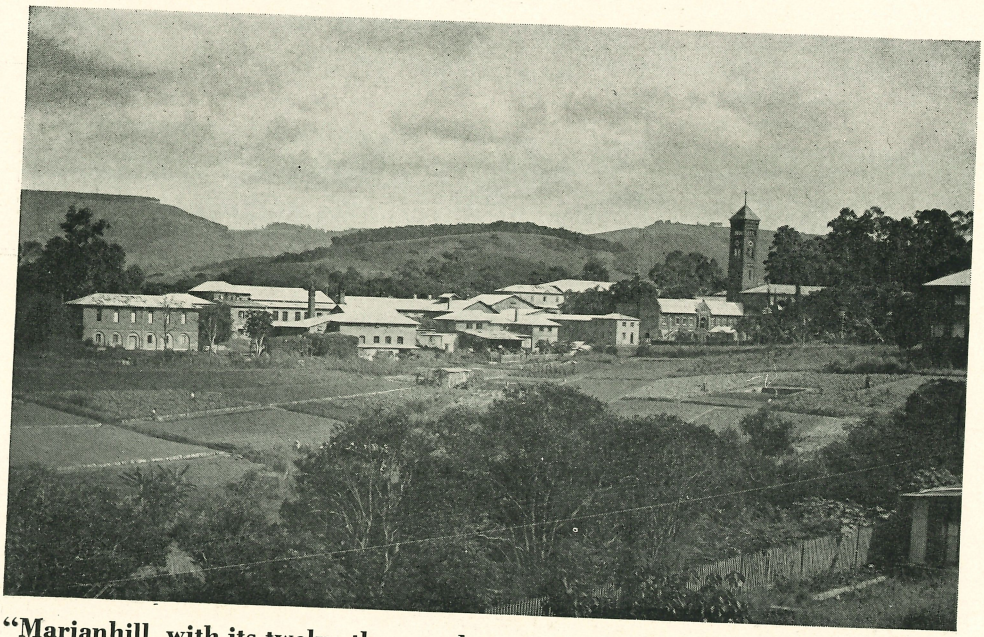
(See page 153)

A Home for Cripples under the care of the Pallotine Sisters

(See page 153)



Brother Vincent at the entrance of Marianhill
(See page 155)



"Marianhill, with its twelve thousand acres, is probably the largest and most famous mission station in Africa"
(See page 155)

tinents and oceans—the whole world. Especially powerful is this Catholic prayer when it is the prayer of the community, for then Christ is in the midst of it. 'Thy Kingdom come!' Our hearts utter this prayer day by day.

"To this prayer in behalf of God's grace we must add deeds; that is, we must become *God's handymen through our work for missions.* All of us here in the homeland—in the war the soldiers called the land behind the front *Etappe*—must do our bit with joyful enthusiasm in this 'most divine of all works!' Everyone at his last, each in his own place. All of us, millions of priests and laymen in the homeland, must prove true to the thousands on the difficult mission-fronts, to God's handymen who have left country, home, family and friends in order to bring God's precious grace to infidel, heathen and pagan.

"God, as Master-builder, the conscious Catholic as His handyman—and God's Kingdom comes! Even though hell sends forth its legions, God's Kingdom comes, notwithstanding!"

"That was a sermon indeed!" sighs the occupant of the easy chair.

"I hope it was a sermon that found its way to your hearts."

"We know now our duty as Catholics!" speaks up our young Student for all the others. He gets up and opens the window. Fresh air blows in upon heads and globe.

EUROPE—THE LAND BEHIND THE FRONT

Doubts bob up again. The Geographer begins: "The word *'Etappe'* was just mentioned. *Etappe* is the land behind the war front. We say many a war has been decided behind the front, in the *Etappe.* I believe it. Must not the *Etappe* stand up as firm as a rock, if the front is to stand unshaken? Must not the front break down, if the *Etappe* gives way? If the *Etappe* lacks spirit, genuine, strong and brave? if it no longer sends the necessary reinforcements? if, perchance, it goes so far as to stab the very front in the back? And now, please, apply this to our Europe!"

"Beautiful *Etappe!*" growls the Philosopher.

The Theologian: "You are right, my friend. We can fear for the mission front if we consider our Christian world as the *Etappe.* Too many see things through rosy glasses."

The Philosopher: "But it consoles one a little. It calms one. . . ."

The Theologian: "And yet it may lead to grief—to doom. . . .

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A CHRISTIAN EUROPE . . .

"Europe stood majestically for centuries in its Christian faith, in its great personalities, in its Christian culture. From Europe arose the legions of the first Christian martyrs, whose blood dripped into the groundworks of the Church to give it a solid foundation. From Europe came the outstanding theologians, fathers of the Church, mystics and leaders of spiritual life, who built the cathedral of faith and virtue upward into dizzy heights. In Europe were born the founders of the great religious orders and the training schools of Christian perfection. In Europe ruled emperors and kings whose crowns the cross of the King of kings adorned—rulers who bowed

their knees before the Eternal King. In Europe lived princes in the kingdom of Christian art who professed: My work to the King! From Europe emerged women full of charity, learning and activity. From Europe issued the knightly orders and crusaders who defended with their lives Christian culture against anti-Christian enemies. To Europe belonged the peoples in north and south, in east and west, who recognized Christ as their King in private and public life."

The Geographer: "In every European country we saw in our travels cathedrals which in their majesty and beauty, in every artistic detail, still tell the story of a great period of faith in God and Christ. We saw ancient municipal halls and markets which, through their artistic presentation of Christ and the saints, prove Christ's public reign!"

The Philosopher: "It all sounds like a fairy tale!"

The Theologian: "I cannot enumerate everything. Read the history of the Church! On every page it recounts the glories of Christian faith, Christian charity, Christian sacrifice, Christian culture. But we must not fail to see the dark spots. Where there is man, there is also human weakness; where there is light, there is shadow."

The Student: "Shadows also have a purpose. They bring out the light more sharply by contrast!"

The Theologian: "And today we see. . . .

THE GREAT APOSTASY

". . . the mass apostasy from God and Christ! European streets quake with marching Battalions of the Godless. Their songs are laden with satire and hatred. There is raised on high the clenched fist, *'the symbol of hate and violence,'* as the French bishops write. Yes, there is revolt—revolt against God and His Christ on all sides!

"This dynamic fight against God, this satanic godlessness, this neo-pagan movement, this coarse materialism and religious lukewarmness, this cult of the divine in man, this invasion of the world into the most sacred precincts—all these which we find in force unfortunately in Europe, have their spiritual fathers. Look back to the history of European philosophy! We have to go back, far back, into this history—back to the Middle Ages. There already we find a conflict between faith and reason.

"We have to go back to the Renaissance. There already we find the formula: the *Ego* is the rule of life! The *Ego* is the measure of everything! Humility is pushed into the background. Proud self-consciousness leaps into the limelight. Prayer? No, action! Mortification? No, pleasure! Heaven? No, earth—its beauty, its fame, its happiness! There, then, lie the roots of the great secularization of Europe. There we meet in ever-growing strength the wild impulse to banish God, to carve out one's own destiny, to build up a Europe without Christ, above all, a Europe without priests! The Catholic conception, that the State is subject to God and that it, therefore, stands in a relationship with the Church, His Kingdom on earth, was gradually shattered. Hence, we have the modern movement toward separation of Church and State and toward indifference to Her influence even on moral questions. There already we meet the 'new pagan' who consciously wants to be a pagan."

The Student: "And then came the so-called 'enlightenment' of the eighteenth century to complete the robber's task of filching the faith from many a Christian breast!"

The Theologian: "The dogma of the philosophers and writers of this time is: 'For science there can be nothing supernatural and nothing incomprehensible. On the contrary, every phenomenon, every occurance, can be explained through natural causes.' "

The Philosopher: "And these men have slowly strangled the Christian faith of the masses. They have killed the very idea of an immortal soul. They have dug the core out of the thought of eternity. They have filled man with fanatical hatred toward the Church. They have degraded man to a mere cog in a machine."

MASTERS AND PUPILS

The Theologian: "Listen to twelve of these apostles of the new humanity:

"Mainlaender: 'Nothingness is the goal of all things.'

"Büchner: 'Everything is only gross matter.'

"Mauthner: 'God is a senseless word.'

"Renan: 'There is nothing supernatural.'

"Nietzsche: 'God has died. Ye supermen, this God was your greatest danger.'

"Feuerbach: 'Materialism is the only solid foundation of morality. Man is (ist) what he eats (isst).'

"La Mettrie: 'Man is only a machine—nothing more. An atheistic state is the happiest one.'

"Marx: 'Society must procure its economical well-being through its own deeds, without letting itself be limited to faith in a Divine Being.'

"Stirner: 'Every higher being above me, be it God, be it man, weakens the feeling of my own individuality.'

"Diderot: 'The world will not be happy until the last king has been strangled with the intestines of the last priest.'

"Michelet: 'Christianity is a religion for women, for weaklings and effeminate men.'

"Comte: 'Mankind is a great being which deserves adoration.'

"And so they all preached—poets and philosophers: Hume, Darwin, Haekel, Schopenhauer, Zola, Holbach, Victor Hugo, Strauss. Voltaire's words, 'Pull her out by the roots, the accursed (the Church)!' echo through the following century its horrifying refrain. The disciples of these new prophets stood, and are still standing, at lecture desks, in factories, in market places, in gigantic halls and in beer gardens. They shriek at the masses and drive into souls the 'wisdom' of their masters in yet more brutal words: 'All is swindle! All piety and all worship of God—all is humbug! There is no God, or if there is, He is a monster!' "

The Philosopher: "These fathers have begotten an extremely marvelous baby."

The Theologian: "Yes, today we see the success of these philosophers of hate and egotism. . . .

THE NEW MANKIND

Please read what our Holy Father writes about them."

The Broadcaster reads: "This is the most dreadful evil of our times, for they destroy every bond of law, human or divine; they engage openly and in secret in a relentless struggle against religion and against God Himself; they carry out the diabolical program of wresting from the hearts of all, even of children, all religious sentiment; for well they know that when once belief in God has been taken from the heart of mankind, they will be entirely free to work out their will. Thus we see today what was never before seen in history—the satanical banners of war against God and against religion brazenly unfurled to the winds in the midst of all peoples and in all parts of the earth."

The Theologian: "This revolt in the souls of men seeks to express itself in various parts of Europe. Churches, ancient sanctuaries of Western Christianity, are being burnt to the ground. Cathedrals are desecrated. Priests, nuns and laymen are murdered, and upon their corpses a raging crowd dances and howls—a crowd 'liberated' from the idea of God. It echoes horribly over the devastated fields of Christian culture."

The Philosopher: "And that in countries which until only recently were generally classified as Catholic. It is there that atheism is emboldened to sit in church pews and march in processions."

The Student: "In this connection, I think of Julius Langbehn, the Rembrandt-German, when he wrote these words:

'Amidst columns which have crashed,
Betwixt temples which are desecrated,
Amongst men who are 'educated,'
Surrounded by maidens who were seduced,
I go my way, finding no rest!' "

THE UNKNOWN GOD

The Theologian: "The situation is indeed difficult. There are so many spiritual obstacles. It is hard to approach the man of today. He lives in an entirely different world. He has not the humility of childlike faith. And, 'Humility is truth.'

"Modern man holds reason as the only test of knowledge, or he builds his view of life upon sense-knowledge in contrast to reason and revelation, or he lives in an eternally silent doubt! In his schools, religion either stands completely in the background, or it is placed in a subservient position."

The Student: "To him, physics, chemistry or history are of greater importance."

The Theologian: "In many a country religion is entirely banned from schools. Children grow up without hearing a word about God and the supernatural."

The Philosopher: "Kindergarten pupils can recognize the make of an automobile by its purr. Children are familiar also with the latest film stars and athletic heroes. But God—He is the Great Unknown! About Him they hear nothing. Of Him they read nothing in the newspapers."

The Theologian: "Ringing bells strike the ear as tokens of an unfamiliar world, and not everywhere do bells ring from steeples. Not everywhere are there churches. There are vast expanses in the pagan world of the West where God has no habitation among men. There are immense blocks in world capitals and in industrial centers where no steeple directs the masses upward. In the distance, as in a heavy fog, the silhouette of old steeples is faintly visible. This is symbolic. The Christian Middle Ages crept with their family hearths to the House of God. Modern times, however, withdraw their firesides away from a visible Church into the shadow of factories, close to soul-killing machines. Smokestacks replace steeples. Heavy smoke and chemical poisons fall upon bodies and souls in which live emptiness and bitterness."

The Student: "Shrewd cultural improvisations, movies, athletics and weekends serve as narcotics to make men forget, for the time being, how bitter, how empty and how lonely their lives are."

PILGRIMAGE TO THE EAST

The Geographer: "I was told that in several cities of Europe temples and convents of Buddha and Mohammedan mosques are raising their oriental heads between the crosses of ancient steeples. Is that true?"

The Theologian: "Correct! Some even expect a renovation of the West from the East. New books about Buddhism are appearing every day. Buddhistic catechisms are printed. Buddhistic convents instruct in Buddha's doctrine. Smiling Buddha pushes aside the crucified Christ on many a writing desk. There are Europeans and Americans who have put on the yellow robe of Buddhist monk."

The Broadcaster: "What is it that drives man to Buddha? Is it the loneliness (*Leere*) of his heart or the learnedness (*Lehre*) of its teacher?"

The Philosopher: "Who knows? Often it is only the urge to make the headlines! Sometimes only caprice and fashion—a fancy for the exotic. One can understand it all right when one realizes that our Western man is empty even though he be pumped full of trifles. For such, European Christianity has lost its taste. Hence, men must make a pilgrimage to the East and seek happiness in nirvana, until one day they are fed up on Buddha, also."

The Theologian: "Several years ago, one hundred and fifty Buddhist monks set sail from Burma to win the Occident for Buddha. Their leader was an Italian Buddhist. His brother was a Catholic priest. The goal was Jerusalem and Rome. These were to be the starting points for the conquest. En route they stopped at Benares, India's sacred city on the Ganges. Several had already returned home. The others followed them shortly. Only the Italian Buddhist remained. He has not yet given up his plan. He says he found happiness and peace in Buddha."

The Philosopher: "Until some day he lands again in the West! So these men wander from West to East, and from East to West!"

The Student: "And their hearts will not rest until they rest in God."

A MARVELOUS MIXTURE

The Broadcaster: "I believe the picture has been painted in too dark a shade. Surely the apostasy from God and Christ is great, but is there not still a strongly pulsating Christian life? Are there not still many millions of Christians who proudly and joyfully claim allegiance to Christ?"

The Philosopher: "Proudly and joyfully? My friend, you think too Christly of your Christian brethren! I think otherwise. How many are living next our very doors, who simply are not yet ready to discard the mantle of Christianity openly? Often it is merely material considerations that counsel this hypocrisy, and thus it is that under the religious mantle of Christianity are disguised the skeptic, the atheist and the heathen! The number is great—let us not deceive ourselves!"

The Student: "It is interesting to note the observation made by Rabindranath Tagore at the conclusion of a recent visit to Europe. He said: 'I found in Europe a Sunday Christianity and a week-day paganism. There is no longer a connection between religion and life!'"

The Philosopher: "That fellow had sharp eyes. But one does not need to come from India to discover what's ailing Europe. Remove the blinds from your own eyes and look at life as it is! Look at people now, after two thousand years of Christianity. See how many lounge and loll about in church. Is this the proper deportment before Almighty God in the Eucharistic Presence of Christ, and during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? Prayer? Attention to the altar? No signs whatsoever! Our worshippers are colder than the saintly statues on the walls. They are frozen—but they will be thawed out again when they hear their favorite words (perhaps the only words they recognize in the Mass): *'Ite, missa est!'* This they obey with unseemly haste. Church doors quickly close behind them. God and Christ are forgotten. The week without God and without Christ begins again. *A harmony between religion and life?* Amongst many this could not be discovered with the most powerful Zeiss microscope. However, the instrument would show an over-supply of pagan germs—a marvelous mixture: Christianity and paganism! Yes, Christian pagan and pagan Christian!"

The Theologian: "Anthony Rademacher said the same in more dignified words. 'For men, religion is not the heart's blood that courses through the veins.'"

The Engineer: "Then Europe must first find its way again to Christ and to life in Christ."

The Student: "Yes, and for this we must all point out the way. Catholic action in Europe lies preeminently in this. Each one of us has his own zone of action. Let us go to it!"

The Philosopher: "Yes, my friends, work, work! Many times I think that Catholic Action is too much given to tongues and printer's ink. Sometime we shall have to get down to deeds, but—please—no Catholic parades! Marching Catholics will never conquer paganism!"

The Theologian: "The first essential for Catholic Action is Cath-

olic personality—Christian life, the living bible which can be more easily read than the printed bible. We shall have to become true Christians ourselves before we can win others to Christ."

The Philosopher: "It is high time! Otherwise we shall shortly read in the newspapers this notice: 'Died a lingering death—Christian Europe; mourned by a few survivors.' And world history has still another interesting chapter."

DECLINE OF THE WEST

Carried away by his thought, the Philosopher arises violently and his chair crashes back into the bookcases. The sudden noise seems to recall him to himself, however, and he sinks back again into the cushions.

The Geographer: "You had better write your last will and testament! Throw your toga over your shoulders! Set deep furrows into your Oedipus forehead, and melt away in your aristocratic but cheap agony over Europe's troubles, you gloomy pessimist! Europe will never bother you. In purgatory you will be able to hear your *requiem* sung by your favorite Asiatic and African voices."

The Benjamin: "But—perhaps he might have to wait a long while in purgatory before this *requiem* is sung."

The Theologian: "Our friend agrees with Oswald Spengler in his much-read book, 'The Decline of the West,' a volume that cannot be read at a bridge party. Its main idea is: Cultures come and go, they flourish and they fade. These cultures, according to Spengler, are 'living beings in the fullest and highest sense of the word'—beings who live out the measure of their lives. We see this more clearly when we look beyond the borders of the West and view world history. What until now we experienced but once in the West—the decline of classical antiquity—we see in multiple repetition in the history of the world. There was a Chinese, a Babylonian, an Egyptian, an Indian, an Arabic, a Mayan (S. America) period of culture—and they all passed away."

The Philosopher: "And you would build up in your imagination the optimistic foolishness that European culture is an exception?"

The Benjamin dares to question: "But Rome lies in Europe. And if Europe disappears. . . ."

The Philosopher breaks in with a smile: "Little man, the Church is not obliged to do Europe the favor of disappearing also. Nevertheless, it is an interesting thought. Our beloved contemporaries are wont to tour the ruins of Rome. Some day tourists from Africa or the South Sea Isles may wander through the remains of the second Rome, armed with their cameras of the latest design, and they will find beautiful photographic subjects: the Vatican, St. Peter's—all in ruins."

The Geographer: "Pictures you paint out of your morbid imagination!"

The Theologian: "My friends, Rome, the city, can disappear, but . . .

ROME DOES NOT DIE WITH ROME

". . . the religious meaning of Rome remains. *Rome* means *Roman Catholic Christianity*. *Rome* means the Papacy, the Rock of Catholic

Faith. This spiritual Rome remains, whether it be in China or in the African Congo."

The Philosopher: "Then atheistic Moscow could some day be Rome?"

The Theologian: "With God, nothing is impossible."

The Student: "Benson, the English convert and author, wrote years ago an apocalyptic novel, 'The Lord of the World,' wherein Europe is portrayed as ruled by Anti-Christ, Rome is reduced to ruins and the Pope is forced to flee from Rome. He rules the Church from Nazareth until the end of the world—but he remained Bishop of Rome! Why should not the Pope some day write an encyclical from, say, Bagdad, to his few children in Europe? Is it not possible that some day Europe may be, as it once was, a foreign mission field, such as is the case even now in North Africa and Asia Minor? Ruins in these parts tell us of the Church's past glories. Fifteen centuries ago North Africa counted four hundred bishoprics, and today it is one of the most difficult foreign missions. When the Church died in Africa, she budded forth in Europe."

The Philosopher: "And some day she will die in Europe and bud forth in Japan or China. And then, perhaps, a Japanese will sit on the throne of Peter and rule God's Kingdom from Tokio."

The Broadcaster: "But that is impossible!"

The Philosopher: "Why impossible, my friend? Though surely you and I will not live to see the day. By that time all of us will have entered nirvana."

The Student: "Our friend is right. Who of us knows what course Church history will take? The Church is not bound to a certain continent, and even less to a particular people. Until a half century ago, the Church played her part principally in the Occident. Western peoples took the chief roles. Other peoples were given smaller parts. The stage of the Church changes its background and scenery. Who knows what the Great Stage Director above still plans to play with His children here below? The history of mankind has many secrets and riddles."

"And God Almighty will not tolerate any nosing into these riddles and secrets!" philosophizes the occupant of the easy chair.

WE STILL BELIEVE IN THE WEST

The Geographer: "And yet, my friends, despite all, we are optimists through our Catholic faith. We still believe in Europe, even should earthquake tremors bring the rafters of our civilization down upon our heads. We still believe that Europe, despite all, will find its way back to her two-thousand-year-old Christian history. We still believe in the soul of Western mankind, a soul now sick and wounded and torn and unconsciously seeking the Christian salvation through which alone it can find its human dignity again."

The Philosopher: "You roar to the point, my brave lion! You will make me an optimist."

The Theologian: "We still hope. Much supports this hope: The conviction that God still lives in the midst of His people—the living God, Who, through His grace, is always creating new life; and the

fact that there are millions in whom faith still glows—millions who still connect religion and life. The philosophy and theology of unbelief has been met by *Catholic scholars* with a philosophy and a theology of belief. Men like Mercier, Bergson, Grabmann, Adam, Tixeron, Mausbach, Tillmann, Lagrange, Prat, Guardini, Von Pastor, Schmidlin, William Schmidt, Chesterton and many others command respect and attention wherever true science is respected. In every country we still see *Catholic youth* consecrating to Christ the King its song and its life. We see youth as the principal support for the *liturgical movement* which, in many European lands, is directing the way back to ancient and holy fountains of the liturgy, out of which new life is gushing. We see youth gathered around the Eucharistic altar. There they take strength from above for spiritual battles. 'The ancient apostles came from the upper chamber; the new, from the Holy Communion rail' (Cardinal Faulhaber). We see fulfilled the prophetic words of Pius X: 'Early Communion will make *saintly children'*—children growing up in the sanctuary of *deeply Catholic families*. We see the spirit of sacrifice revealed in the mighty works of Christian charity, charity in every field. In the homeland, we see dynamic centers for *foreign missions*. First, there are general societies, like the Propagation of the Faith, for all practical Catholics; and secondly, mission seminaries and convents, ancient and new, where a veritable host is trained to conquer souls for Christ. We see *Bishops* in every country standing out as leaders, men of wisdom and power, concerned with preserving the riches of faith, the Christian culture of the West. Above all, my friends, twentieth century Europe has a *radiant legion of martyrs*—martyrs who compare with those of Christian antiquity. Their martial step beats its rythmic echo in our ears. Their bloody banner flutters before us into the rosy dawn of a new period. Their blood is the seed of a new, strong, rejuvenated Christendom!"

* * * * * * *

The Engineer turns on the current in the Leitz projector. On the white wall looms up brightly Europe of the past and present, a West of striking religious contrasts. Songs, dances and music pent up in victrola records are released. The last picture paints dark, gloomy storm clouds hanging over a church tower. But the sun eventually breaks through and its golden rays gradually approach the Church.

Twelve heavy strokes from the old Church tower fall on a sleeping town.

The Student: "Our Father. . . . Thy Kingdom come. . . ."

The Benjamin puts the globe back into its corner.

(To be continued)

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NOTICE TO STUDENTS OF MISSION SCIENCE

This is the first installment of a Mission Course concerning the status of the Church in foreign mission lands. It will appear monthly (excepting during the summer months) in brochure form. The October, January and April numbers of the MEDICAL MISSIONARY will contain the studies for those months and they will also be printed in brochure form. Since the MEDICAL MISSIONARY will carry a question-box for the convenience of those following the course, besides its review of mission periodicals and other features, it will be advisable to order a subscription to the magazine and as many brochures as will be necessary to conduct a study course.

The subscription to the MEDICAL MISSIONARY is $1.00 a year.

Brochures are 5 cents a copy.

Book Reviews and Review of Reviews

L'AIDE MEDICALE AUX MISSIONS. Brussels, April, 1937.

The Belgian Medical Mission Association reports with great sorrow the death of Dr. Léon Peeters, the vice president of the A. M. M. Dr. Peeters gave the best years of his life to the work dearest to his heart—the fostering of the medical missionary ideal in Belgium. The Association will miss his untiring devotion, his inspiring words and his instructive articles, but it has gained a protector in heaven.

A remarkable but fully deserved tribute of honor to the missionaries in the Belgian Congo came from the lips of Minister Rubbens, at a recent session of the Belgian parliament, during which the colonial budget was discussed. When one of the members criticised the grants made to the missionaries, this minister defended the action of the government by pointing out the immense value of the work of the missions and the traditions of the Belgian Congo, instigated by King Leopold II, openly proclaimed by King Albert and constantly ratified by public opinion. Both kings have made it clear that "it is the duty of the government to help the missionaries in their noble task." The A. M. M. has repeatedly experienced the benefit of this policy.

"The Leper Asylum of Ossiomo" chronicles the heroic effort of Dr. Lengauer and her associates to improve conditions among the lepers of Nigeria. The colony was started in 1934 and takes care of two hundred six lepers, divided into two villages. The lepers have their hospital, dispensary, two chapels, school, shop, laboratory and office. They are divided into groups, according to their working capacities, and lead, in so far as possible, a normal social life. The medical service is on a very high plane and the results are in keeping with it: sixty percent improved, twenty percent stationary and twenty percent aggravated. The nursery contains ten healthy babies, for whom it is hard to find clean and nourishing milk. Fourteen baptisms and eighty-seven catechumens are the religious results of this young enterprise.

The report of the Ladies Auxiliary and five short medical reviews from doctors in the missions conclude this issue.

ZEITSCHRIFT FUR MISSIONSWISSENSCHAFT. Prof. Dr. J. Schmidlin. Münster, August, 1937.

"Art in the Missions, Past and Present," is the title of the first article in this number. In it Professor Schmidlin relates the early attempts of the Missionaries to adapt their churches, statues and paintings to the tastes and ideas of their subjects, notably in Japan, where the Jesuits in 1592 founded an art school for natives and in China, where Father Ricci introduced native paintings of Jesus and Mary at the court of the Emperor. In China also Father Schall encouraged the building of churches in Chinese Style. The greatest impetus to this work in modern times came from Monsignor Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, who in 1923 published a proclamation on the "universality of Christian art." To him belongs the honor of having opened the eyes of the missionaries to the importance of accommodation in the matter of architecture, painting and music. Since then the beauty and fitness of native church art has received world-wide recognition. Witness the paintings of Luke Chen (e. g. Mary, Queen of China), the Cathedral of Phatdiem in Indo-China, the model church of Father Heras, S.J., and the Tokio Exhibit of 1935.

Of great historical interest are the articles of Professor Beckmann on the endeavor of Spain, in the eighteenth century, to gain control over several mission districts of China, of Professor Schmidlin on the conversion of the Allemandi, and of Doctor Kilger, O.S.B., on the introduction of Christianity into Greenland. A statistical review of the present-day missions in Asia is contributed by the Münster Seminar. Among the book reviews is a critical survey of IL PENSIERO MISSIONARIO, 1934-1936, by Professor Schmidlin, and a reply to Father Bosslet's unscientific criticisms of Dr. Ohm's book on medical missions.

IL PENSIERO MISSIONARIO. Edited by the Missionary Union of the Clergy. Rome, March, 1937.

Ever since the time of Saint Francis Xavier, the Jesuits have made a point of offering to the cultured and intelligent people of Japan the very best of Western science and education. Father Schilling's review of three centuries of scholarly achievements in Japan mentions not only instruction in Christian doctrine, grade schools, colleges and seminaries, but also schools for catechists and even a rudimentary medical school. The article is well documented and makes excellent material for study clubs.

Father Gasbarri concludes his discussion of the modern expansion tendencies of Mohammedanism with an article on the two most important mission societies of the Islam, the AHMADIZZAH of Lahore, India, and that of Qadyan. The activities of these corporations include the erection of mosques in London, Chicago, Berlin and other cities, and in propagandistic literature, speeches and conventions.

Under mission biographies is a sketch of the life of Saint Francis of Solano, while the book reviews include a report of the Second International Congress of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, held in Rome, November 11th to 13th, 1936.

WERDEN DES CHRISTLICHEN ARZTES. Dr. Med. Carla Zawisch. Published by Benziger & Co., Einsiedeln—Köln, Germany.

A large number of our Catholic doctors, men and women, have been and are still being educated in non-Catholic medical schools. The Christian aspect of the practice of medicine and Catholic medical ethics never enters their lives, unless they deliberately seek for it outside the classroom and the hospital. It is for such as these, young doctors and medical students, that Doctor Zawisch, herself a Catholic and an instructor at the University of Vienna, wrote the short but enlightening book called: "The Formation of the Christian Physician."

In three chapters, "Personality," "Training" and "Ways and Purposes," Doctor Zawisch discusses the "Ideal Physician," modelled on the charity, patience and wisdom of Christ. A remarkable blend of high principles and practical applications is not the least of her achievements in this work. We call special attention to the chapter on "Training," and to the final paragraphs on "The Mission Doctor," who follows closely in the footsteps of Christ, by using his science and skill for the good of his poorest neighbor, body as well as soul, without any thought of gain or honor.

The book deserves an early English translation and wide distribution among American students and doctors.

SPECIAL OFFER

To increase our mailing list as well as to give students and others the opportunity of obtaining a free subscription to the MEDICAL MISSIONARY we are making the following offer:

Anyone who sends in five new one-year subscriptions will be given one free subscription. Names and addresses should be plainly written or typed and accompanied by money order or check together with your own name and address.

A CHANCE FOR CATHOLIC ACTION

Father Paul Waldron of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society sent this letter to us. We are passing it on to you. Father McCarthy is doing a wonderful job in the Philippines and we should try to help him.

Dear Father Waldron:

I wonder if you could supply me with second-hand pamphlets and Catholic Truth Society booklets and Catholic periodicals. In connection with Students' Catholic Action here in Manila I can use several hundred thousand pamphlets and periodicals in the course of the year.

We have a bookstand and pamphlet rack at the Church door, and every Sunday we have a special students' Mass at Santa Cruz Church. There are usually some two thousand students present.

The following would be in our line:

(*a*) *Any Catholic pamphlets, especially on religious, moral and social problems. Communism is going strong here.*

(*b*) *Catholic Truth Society pamphlets, American or English.*

(*c*) *Irish Messenger publications.*

(*d*) *Daniel A. Lord's pamphlets or similar.*

(*e*) *Any Catholic periodicals, like the Sign, Extension, Columbia, the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Sentinel, etc.*

(*f*) *Newspapers, the ones you get as exchanges.*

(*g*) *Bundles of the Register and Sunday Visitor.*

(*h*) *Bundles of "Catholic Worker."*

(*i*) *Catholic larger novels; Catholic biographies; Catholic reference books; Catholic apologetics in any form; Catholic histories, etc. The latter are for a library I am starting.*

There is no limit to the number of these books, especially the pamphlets I can use. We have eleven thousand five hundred students in the organization and there are in all twenty thousand students in the secular colleges and universities.

Sincerely yours,

REV. E. J. MCCARTHY.

Convento De Malate,
1016 *M.H. del Pilar, Malate, Manila, P. I.*

HOW CAN I HELP THE MEDICAL MISSIONARIES?

1. *Prayer*:

Without the grace of God we can do nothing. Remember the Medical Missionaries in your Masses, Holy Communions and other prayers.

2. *Financial Aid*:

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Propagation of the Faith, speaking of the present status of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, says: "At present it can give each missioner only about 15 cents of every $1.00 that he needs. And that means that the other 85 cents must be found somehow and somewhere by the missioner or by the mission society that has placed him in the field."

SUGGESTIONS

Form a Good Samaritan Club.

Gather together a few of your friends and form a club. Elect your officers and formulate a definite program whereby you can raise money for the missions, by rummage sales, bake sales, card parties, etc. Register your Club at our Motherhouse and you will share in all the prayers, good works and sacrifices of all the MEDICAL MISSIONARIES both at home and on the mission field.

Adopt a Medical Missionary Sister.

$1.00 a day. $25.00 a month. $250.00 a year.

Help Educate a Medical Missionary Sister.

As a Nurse..... $100.00 a year

As a Doctor:

Tuition ..... $500.00 a year

Books, instruments, transportation, etc. ..... 250.00 a year

Board, room and clothing. ..... 250.00 a year

Provide Passage or Some Part of It for a Medical Missionary Sister En Route to the Orient.

The fare is 3 cents a mile and it is 10,000 miles to our missions in India. $300.00 covers complete passage.

Burses

$10,000.00 will found a BURSE by which the education of a MEDICAL MISSIONARY as a DOCTOR is provided for in perpetuity.

$2,500.00 will found a BURSE by which the education of a MEDICAL MISSIONARY as a NURSE will be provided for in perpetuity.

Remember Us in Your Will.

Our legal title is THE SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONARIES, INC., MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, BROOKLAND, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROME HAS SPOKEN!

"It has always been the practice of this Sacred Congregation to have the methods of the apostolate conform to the varying needs of time and place. . . . This Sacred Congregation would like to see new religious institutes for women founded who will dedicate themselves principally to health work, making due provision for necessary safeguards. . . . These new duties demand a proper technical and spiritual preparation. The Sisters should obtain certificates as doctors and nurses . . ." (From the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.)

OUR PART!

Rome's wish is Rome's command for us. We must go forward with greater energy, courage and confidence. Our most urgent need is a larger house where our young Sisters may prepare for their life's work as Medical Missionaries in India and other mission fields.

YOUR PART!

Become a partner with us in our work by your Investment in our MOTHERHOUSE FUND!

Anyone who contributes $100.00 to the MOTHERHOUSE FUND will be enrolled as a FOUNDER. These FOUNDERS will have their names inscribed in the new MOTHERHOUSE,—names whose memories will be kept perpetually green in the daily Masses offered there and in the prayers, sacrifices and good works of the Medical Missionaries. These prayers and good works will ascend to heaven "as an odor of incense," benefiting the FOUNDERS during life and after death.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries

The Society is a COMMUNITY of Sisters—doctors and nurses, who devote themselves to the care of the sick in mission countries.

Scope of the Work

The work extends to hospitals and dispensaries, medical schools and training schools for nurses, welfare centers, leper asylums, traveling dispensaries; also to visiting the sick in their homes. It affords an abundance of opportunities to combine the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

Fields of Labor

The Society was founded for the purpose of sending qualified Sisters to India, China, Africa, and other mission countries.

Rawalpindi

At present the Society conducts a hospital for women and children in Rawalpindi, in the Mill Hill Prefecture Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafristan, India. Here, the majority of Mohammedan and Hindu women are still secluded and therefore can avail themselves only of medical aid given by women. From its beginning, this hospital has given training courses for Indian nurses in order to meet this need.

Dacca

In the Holy Cross Mission of Dacca, Bengal, members of the Society are entrusted with the nursing in the Mitford Hospital and the training school for Indian nurses. In the same city, they are in charge of two maternity and child welfare centers where they train native dhais for this work. They also make house-to-house visits for the care of the sick and the instruction of mothers.

The Sisters give classes in hygiene and home nursing in some of the schools of Dacca; also to groups of Indian women.

Requests to undertake work for the sick have been received from many mission bishops, thus showing the great need of vocations.

Requirements for Admission

The requirements for admission are:

1. A sincere desire to give oneself to God in the mission field.
2. Good health.

The age limit is 30 years.

The Society undertakes in suitable cases to provide the necessary education for all those who have not completed their studies for the medical or nursing profession. The scope of the work also calls for a large number who do not wish to do medical work directly. These do the non-medical work connected with every institution at home and in the missions.

For further information, apply to:

SISTER SUPERIOR,

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, *Box* 4405

BROOKLAND,

WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

✠ Sister M. Frances Herb, S.C.M.M., R.N. ✠

The October MEDICAL MISSIONARY was just back from the printers when we received a cable notifying us of the sudden death of Sister M. Frances Herb, R.N., in Dacca, Bengal, India. Mention is made of Sister Frances and her work in Dacca on page 166 of this issue of the magazine and we hasten to inform our readers of our sad loss and beg their prayers for the repose of her soul.

Sister M. Frances was born in Navarino, Wisconsin, trained as a nurse in Oshkosh and did post-graduate work in Chicago. She entered the Society in 1928 and was sent to India in 1930. Shortly after her arrival in India she was placed in charge of the Urdu Maternity and Child-Welfare Center in Dacca. There she spent the last seven years of her life in clinic duties and visiting the poor in their bamboo huts. Despite torrential rains, terrific heat, dirt and filth, Sister loved her work and the poor of Dacca loved her. Besides the material aid she was able to give her patients God alone knows the number of conversions and baptisms attributed to her labors and prayers.

Sister Frances is survived by her mother and the rest of her family in the United States and by her sister, Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N., who is also stationed in Dacca and who was with her when she died.

This is the first time the angel of death has visited our little Society since its foundation twelve years ago. While we bow our heads in resignation to God's Holy Will we pray that He will inspire others to take her place in this noble work.

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord,
And let perpetual light shine upon her,
May she rest in peace. Amen.